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The Bystander, January 15, 1935

The BYSTANDER

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LILIAN BOND

A new picture of the attractive Lilian Bond, who is starring with Ralph Lynn and Gordon Harker in the Gaumont-British film of Ben Travers' farce, "Dirty Work," which is at the New Gallery this week. She's English, and started her career, when she was fourteen, in "Dick Whittington," did stage work that included Cochran's 1926 revue, and then, in 1927, went to Hollywood. She worked with M.-G.-M. there and had her first important part in 1931 in "Stepping Out." She appeared in a good many American films before she came back here: "Dirty Work" is her first English film

The Swiss Idea . . .

How the Winter Sports World Wags Its Head At St. Moritz

The Sun in Their Eyes

Robert Sweeny, brother-in-law of the lovely Margaret, the Hon. Mrs. Janet Campbell, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, and Sir Philip Sassoon took their London faces to be tanned by the Swiss winter sun at St. Moritz

Left: Lady Worthington and "Nick" Bartman at the start of the bob-run below Sunny Corner, the whole run not being open till the middle of the month. Mr. Bartman is a South African, and was with the Scarsdales' party

Below, left: Col. Jimmy Horlick and Mrs. Henry Martineau on their way to be well-coated spectators of a curling match. Mrs. Martineau's husband is a curler and Cresta rider

The After-Lunch Look-Around

Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower was photographed on the Corviglia Club terrace after lunch, when the view therefrom is notably at its best. Her ski-ing suit is dark green and ribbed, and the accessories are scarlet

Below: Capt. Bobbie Cunningham-Reid, Miss Fontes and Mr. Beddington walking through the village at St. Moritz. The Cunningham-Reids have been at Klosters, and had their two small boys out there

Mrs. Gustaaf Miesegaes

Is staying at the Palace with her husband. She wears slate-blue flannel with plus fours to ski in, and always looks amazingly pretty. She was Noel Orr; her husband is Dutch

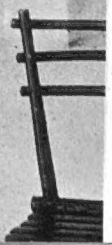
Below: Drogo Montagu made another after-lunch-at-Corviglia snapshot

Mrs. Vivian Cornelius and Lord Scarsdale starting off on a sleigh drive. This was just before Lady Scarsdale had her accident in a sleigh on the Chanterella road, when she was kicked by a frightened horse

Above: Lord and Lady Northesk were staying at the Carlton. He spends a good deal of time on and around the Cresta

Right, below: Hubert Martineau, president of the Bobsleigh Club, is one of the celebrities of the winter-sports world

Below: Freddie McEvoy ("Suicide Freddie"), the Cresta rider, is looked on as one of St. Moritz's best dressers. He was photographed outside the Palace



The Hon. Drogo Montagu

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Ben Bathurst, all in brown, was on her way to drink soup at Corviglia. She is at St. Moritz with her Cresta-riding husband, who, when not on the snow, is a barrister

Round the Town

Some Evening Dates And a Wedding

Curzon First-Nighters

Left: the Marquis de Casa Maury talking to Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, Mrs. Allen, and Miss Angela Dudley Ward on their way in to see the première of the French film, "Remous," at the Curzon

Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

Mr. John Hopwood, Miss Greta Nissen, who came on after her "Hi-Diddle Diddle!" performance, Signor Leonardo Vitetti, Counsellor at the Italian Embassy, and Miss Mala Brand were having supper together at the Café de Paris

Mr. R. C. Bois and Miss Mary Sharpe

Mr. Reginald Cosmo Bois, and Miss Mary Benedetta Sharpe, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. C. H. D. Sharpe, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Sharpe, who is a cousin of the late Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, has been helping Mr. Hanson, of the B.B.C., with the "In Town To-night" series

Princess Alice with a Bing Boy

Above: Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, went round to George Robey's dressing-room when she saw "The Bing Boys Are Here" last week. With her and George Robey is Miss Blanche Littler, the producer

Swaebe

The Chinese Minister Sees the Chinese Play

Left: Mr. Tai-chi Quo and his wife talking to Miss Nancy Price at the Little Theatre, when they went to see "Lady Precious Stream." The Chinese Minister made a speech after the performance

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 85

Mrs. Somerset Maugham

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

SYRIE MAUGHAM is a good example of the old adage that one's strongest motives in life are reactions from youth. Syrie is the daughter of the late Dr. Barnardo, so what could be more natural than her metamorphosis as an interior decorator of luxurious houses? Up to date, she has furnished something like a hundred and eighty houses, of which a hundred were in the United States. It was Syrie who started the vogue for all-white rooms. Since then dozens of other decorators have copied her. But she is an equable person despite her claim to a short temper. "I don't mind being imitated a bit," she says, "as long as the imitation is good." But so often it is—well, what Scott called his flight to Australia—and that 's praising it.

THE first thing you notice about Syrie is her astonishingly school-girl complexion. Then you become aware of very direct, searching brown eyes, and an exactness of phrase and tone which is rare in a woman. She is rather fond of overdoing the word "obviously." But at least she never uses the word "amusing" in reference to an antique, or, indeed, to any piece of furniture. Her greatest gift is a tremendous visual imagination. She can see a complete house from the blue-prints. She is the best vendeuse in London because she really hates parting with good pieces. The way she sets about furnishing a house is to start with "the eye of the room"—let us say, the bed of the main bedroom—and then to build up the rest of the house. She likes fireplaces to be large, low and generous. She likes big rooms to be rather empty and little rooms to be rather full. She likes rambling houses and dislikes flats and dark rooms. She adores leather walls and stitched panels. Her favourite actor is Leslie Howard. Her closest friends are Johnny Macmullen, Oliver Messel, Lady Mendl, the Plunkets, the Kindersleys, and Olga Lynn. She says she is a bad business woman, which I don't believe for a single instant; her favourite sensations are to lie in the sun or to sit in a fast train.

SHE gets on best with people who do things, but is also devoted to very young people, because of the apple of her eye, her daughter, Eliza. By-the-bye, she began her business career on a capital of four hundred pounds fourteen years ago, when her husband was travelling in China. To-day she employs, indirectly, seventy or eighty people, and has moved to Bruton Street.

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 26. The Old Florida

By CHARLES GRAVES

Sketches by John Reynolds

THE Old Florida has a unique niche in London's night life. It is not a club—oh, dear me, no. It is not a restaurant—oh, dear me, no (twice). It is not even a private house. It is a building belonging to a firm of caterers who lease it out nightly for private parties. Because of this, and the old theory that an Englishman's home is his castle, the Florida is notable for its gaiety until all hours of the early morning. Far from me be it to explain the exact technicalities of legal jargon which enable Gordon Halsey's white camellia to flower so unconcernedly over the gilt necks of the champagne bottles. The fact remains that if you become a participant of the nightly private bottle-parties held there, you can forget your insomnia or your office next day until 4.30 a.m.

YOU see, drink is not sold at the Old Florida. Indeed, it has been established in a court of law that no sale of liquor occurs on the premises. The Old Florida derives no profit from the sale of drink sold by any of the wine merchants who choose to supply it. But every evening a Dutch bottle-party takes place there. It is not a club, as I have said, nor is it open to the public. The Old Florida is leased to various people acceptable socially to its directors, and nobody can enter without an invitation from one of these persons—as is pointed out so carefully in *Hi-Diddle Diddle !*, the Charlot revue at the Comedy. Each evening, if you look at the books, there is a different host—it may be Pat Dixon, Charles Eaton, Lord Petre, Gordon Claridge, Douglas Brown, or Lord St. Aldwyn, for example The host of the evening is liable for thirty-seven pounds ten shillings, which is a hundred participants' seven-and-sixpenny share of the running costs of the party. If there are less than a hundred, the host of the evening has to pay the difference. It has happened four or five times. Therefore . . .

But what's the use ? I'm not A. P. Herbert, and it's no good trying to explain why the Florida is the only place in London where a man can slake his honest thirst at 3.30 a.m. without fear of consequences. Let's just be joyful that there is such a place.

SKIPPING over the transparent golden steps leading into the restaurant, let us take a table—preferably one of the three dozen with a telephone—and look round. It being after 2 a.m., we can count at least fifteen or twenty "Les Girls" from Grosvenor House and the Dorchester. The dark girl looking like Thelma Lady Furness is Betty Sundmark. The blonde with her is her room-mate, Rosalie Fromson, who has an American

Captain Gordon Halsey, who "invented" the Old Florida, and who is thus responsible for one of the most important of London's native night heaths

domicile, Swedish parents, and an English passport. The demure ash-blonde is Yvonne Gray. The cutie is Eunice Colman. Over there is Fay Carroll, the girl "with the world's worst voice." Seated in a corner is the little Marquis, fresh from his cruise to Madeira and Las Palmas. It was only six years ago I took a schoolboy over a newspaper office and thrilled him by giving him a lump of lead with his name stamped out on a linotype machine. To-day he is one of the keenest supporters of London's night life—introducing small, clean-shaven Lord Petre.

THE woman with the liquid brown eyes and husky voice is Nora Stewart Brown. She is a great friend of Lady Moira Combe. "Eddie" Tatham, who seems a trifle lost now that the Monseigneur Restaurant remains obstinately closed, is with her. That tall young man who looks as though he has just returned from a log-felling competition in the Rockies is, if I am not mistaken, Lord Reay. Though he has lived almost all his life in Holland, he is head of the

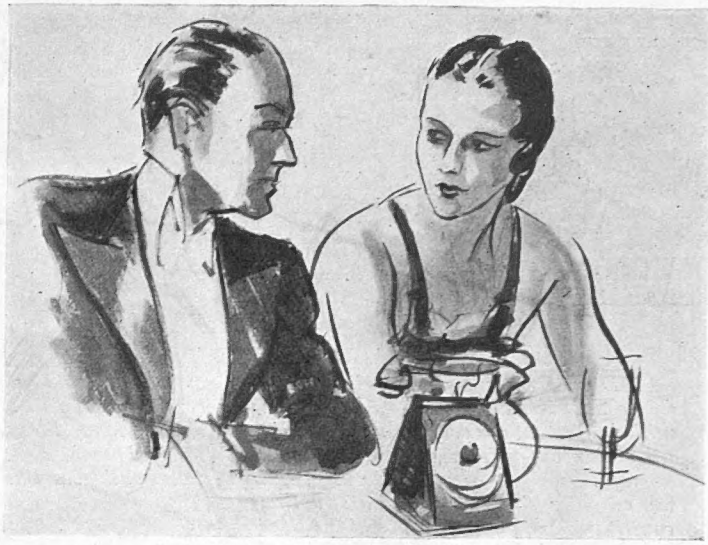
Arriving in the restaurant by the two steps that are lit up from below. The men on the left, not being changed, are wearing the regulation gowns

Clan Mackay. His first name is Æneas. Already he seems to have found the Golden Fleece, though he is still only in his thirtieth year.

If you take a peek at the guests' wine cellar you will find hundreds of half-empty bottles awaiting the return of their absent owners. The first I noticed was labelled "The Duke (and Duchess) of Manchester."

CAREFULLY circulating the room, with an ever-watchful eye for any bottle that may have been smuggled in unbeknownst, are Abdullah, the fortune-teller, and Alexander, the caricaturist—they would make excellent detectives in daylight, too. Then, what of Robert, the head waiter, and Wilbey, the wine steward, whose tact ought long ago to have made him an Ambassador?

Occasionally you will notice Ambrose, but I have never yet seen him dance. He has watched too much of it himself from his own little platform over the way. Occasionally Rhodes scholars find their way there. At some time or another, indeed, every single member of London's supper crowd has visited the Florida.

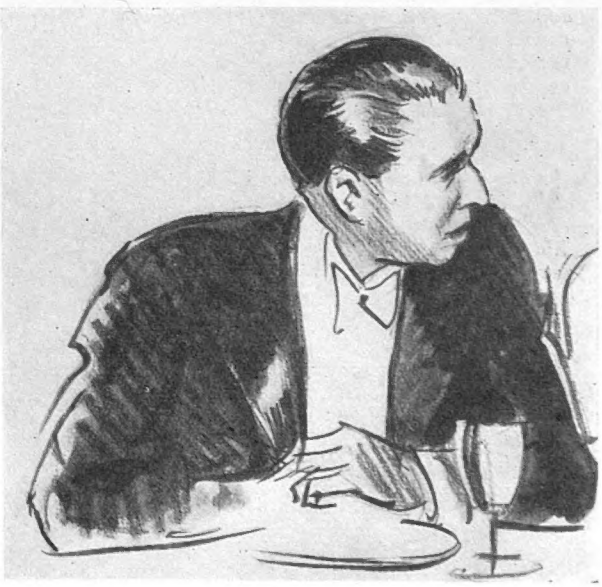


Betty Sundmark having supper with a friend at one of the telephone tables. There is usually quite a bit of ringing-up done around the room

Years ago it was an appendage of the Grafton Galleries, and Victor Perosino was the head waiter. In its day it has been called the Mayfair (once), the Florida (twice), and Toby's (once).

ON the parchment of one of the drums are the signatures of John Barrymore, Buddy Rodgers, Johnny Weismuller, Greta Nissen, Edna Best, Maurice Chevalier, Lili Damita, not to mention Charles Scott and Campbell Black (on their return from Australia). One of the strict rules of the Club is that nobody is allowed to dance except in evening dress or a "domino." The domino, in reality, is an ordinary scholar's gown, and looks remarkably odd whether worn by a man or a girl. It gives, though, an academic touch to the place which would otherwise be missing. Bachelors of Hearts, if the pun were excusable, are always in evidence.

A TANK with live trout, a grinning mask, green glass pillars, pinky-beige walls, a green grand piano, and rose brocade banquettes all add to the atmosphere, which is already considerable. Last, but not least, my Lords Milton and Hindlip often join the merry throng in South Bruton Mews.



Last but not least, my Lord Milton often joins the merry throng in South Bruton Mews

Listen...

AND so London's only really happy couple (what bunk!—we know a million of them) are very near to breaking up. Far be it from us to take sides, as we like them both enormously, but we consider that the present situation constitutes one more instance of the close proximity of fire when we see a lot of smoke.

•

WE girls are tremendous believers in platonic friendships, but we do think they have their limitations, and when a husband is seen exclusively with another woman, it usually means it 's ripened into something stronger.

•

SIMILARLY, when the wife stays on at the same house-party as her boy friend, without her husband, we trust we are not being unduly suspicious if we wonder what it 's all about. The one with whom we sympathise deeply is the boy friend's wife. She seems to have had very little fun.

•

WE forget who it was that first said all was fair in love and war, but, whoever it was, he was responsible for a lot of unhappiness. Your best girl friend would swoon if you suggested she would steal your bracelet, but she appears to have no hesitation in stealing your husband. Similarly, that frightfully decent fellow you lunch with every day at the club would never dream of pinching your silver, but he 'd think himself no end of a smart guy if he succeeded in pinching your wife.

•

WE admire the pluck of the lovely lady whose car registration letters spell the name of her late boy friend. We should all like to follow her example, but most chaps have rather long names.

•

THE party of the year seems to have been the New Year party at Wicklow Lodge, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Donny Player. We know no nicer couple than the Players, and they go over very big in very exclusive Leicestershire. No mean feat, we can assure you.

•

PRIOR to her marriage, Mrs. Player was Miss Leila Reynolds, one of the many lovely girls who, at one time or another, sold buttonholes to the members of Buck's in Nellie Taylor's flower show. Mrs. Player is a tall and very lovely blonde, and, despite several bad falls, still goes like smoke out hunting.

•

ONE of the prettiest girls at this party was Lord Milton's sister, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, who is invariably accompanied by a complete pack of young men. Lady Helena, or "Boodley," as she is always called, is a great practical joker, as a baronet once found to his cost.

•

LORD WESTMORLAND is an indefatigable worker on behalf of charity, and is the best beggar we know. When he asks you for a subscription or requests that you go on some committee, it 's absolutely impossible to refuse. We wonder how many hundreds he has raised for the British Empire Cancer Research Fund?

•

WORKING for charity is far harder work than merely sitting around being photographed with pretty girls, and although a little of that has come "Burghy's" way, it is sheer hard work on his part which has collected the shekels.

•

ANOTHER great charity worker is Mrs. Eustace Storey, whose husband is one of our very best golfers, and a very popular one into the bargain. Mrs. Storey is blonde and pretty, and has a large and ever-increasing circle of friends. How that woman does work!

•

POPULAR Major Tommy Bouch surprised his many friends by slipping off quietly to the South of France—an almost unprecedented move by a Master of Foxhounds at this time of year, even though his pack, the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), were partially stopped by foot-and-mouth.

•

FOLLOWERS of the Cricklade, however, will be relieved to hear that there is no likelihood of his being joined by Mr. Maurice Kingscote, who is remaining faithful to them, despite the ravages of the dread disease.

•

YOUNG John Buckmaster (Gladys Cooper's and Buck's boy) seems to have a pretty good time, and we can think of nothing more fun for a young lad just leaving his teens than to spend his time singing and dancing with those pretty girls at the Comedy.

•

WE think it was a very kind thought on his part, when sending out invitations to his party recently, to explain that it was just opposite the police station. If they 'd always known the whereabouts of the nearest "bobby," some of our chaps would have been more careful in the past.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 7.—Lady Plunket

Lenare

IF you went round the West End asking folks of either sex "Who's your favourite woman?" we wouldn't mind betting that a very large proportion of them would answer "Dorothy Plunket." Lady Plunket has not only the gift of making friends; she has the much rarer one of keeping them. A daughter of that remarkable woman Fanny Ward, Lady Plunket has inherited much of her mother's talent and is one of the best exhibition dancers we have ever seen; and we are not likely to forget her displays on behalf of charity with the late, and very dear, little Frankie Leveson. Dorothy Plunket is above all a devoted wife and mother, and has three little boys, called Patrick, Robin and Shaun. The Plunkets entertain lavishly at their lovely place, Hackwood.

Two Blondes and A Brunette

A Trio of "Lovelies"

By Molly Bishop

Mrs. John Musker

Was wearing black, with a velvet halo-ish hat, at the committee meeting held at Miss Marjorie Leigh's house in connection with the Circus Matinée for the South London Hospital for Women. Bertram Mills has given a thousand seats to be sold for the Hospital

Miss Marjorie Leigh

It was at her Carlton House Terrace house that the Circus Matinée meeting was held. She is Sir John Leigh's daughter. Usually at this time of year she is out regularly with the Grafton, but this season she is, unfortunately, not well enough to hunt

Right: Mrs. Antony Acton is the third of the trio who were sketched at the same committee meeting. She had on an amusing bonnet hat with a stiff little veil. She is a cousin of Lord Cowdray, and lives in Eaton Square

Mrs. Antony Acton

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Domestic Discord and Musical Melody

Sketches by Rouson

She Who Got Slapped

Angela Shale (Diana Churchill), a scheming young wife, gets a big surprise from her husband, Dick Shale (Richard Bird)

Left: a Poor Fish. Victim of a woman's guile twice running, Alec Winstone (George Cross)

Below: Gwen Clayton (Ellen Pollock), a very free lover, and Joe Clayton (Henry Hewitt), a Civil servant, but not too complaisant husband

More Matrimonial Squabbles

"The Dominant Sex" (Shaftesbury)

MANY years ago a famous dramatist, describing his methods, said that he lived with his characters mentally before writing a play, and if he found them interesting he went ahead with it. If, on the other hand, they bored him on further acquaintance, he discarded the story of which they were the protagonists as likely to bore an audience too.

I wonder if Mr. Michael Egan, author of *The Dominant Sex*, adopted this method? If he did, he has my sincerest sympathy for a more unpleasant couple than his two principal characters, Dick Shale and his wife, it is impossible to imagine. I am not suggesting that they are untrue to life. They may be typical, but I, personally, find it difficult to summon up any interest in a man who is more than a bit of a bounder and a woman who is a scheming shrew.

BOUNDING and shrewishness in themselves may not be bars to interest, so long as variety is introduced, but my complaint about this play is that it is almost all on one note, and that practically the whole of the three acts is devoted to one long, monotonous matrimonial nag, where the author lets the never-ending arguments concerning adventure in business or safety first and when the baby should be born, go round and round like a cat chasing its own tail.

Which makes one realise that there is no great gulf fixed between iteration and irritation, and, unfortunately, Richard Bird and Diana Churchill, who are the husband and wife, also play their respective parts on one note throughout. Richard Bird is a clever young actor, but his hesitant method of speech loses its effectiveness with familiarity; and Diana Churchill, far from attempting to soften the acerbities of the wife, seemed to delight in doing all she could to accentuate the unpleasantness of the part. Indeed, when I heard that this couple were giving up their Bayswater flat for an all-electric house in a garden suburb, I uttered a silent prayer that an electric chair was included in the fittings, for a use could easily have been found for it.

NOT content with providing one unpleasant married couple for our delectation, the author also presents us with another, in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, who have tasted the delights of matrimony for six years. He is a 'poop" in the Civil Service, and she is a woman with advanced ideas and a philosophy which seemed to suggest that it was kinder to a husband to commit adultery after tea rather than after supper Ellen Pollock, who played this part, was "weally" quite effective, if I may be allowed to copy her elocution; while about the best performance of the lot was given by Henry Hewitt, as her husband.

In fairness to the author and cast, let me add that this, my personal, opinion of the play, was not shared by the majority in favour, who seemed to enjoy every minute of it, and my reason for believing it will have a successful run is that those who were against were equally decided in their opinion. This leads to discussion, discussion to argument, and argument to—the box-office!

"Jill, Darling!" (Saville)

WONDERS will never cease! Here is another musical comedy which has the backbone of a connected story, and in which the lyrics—in the main—carry on the action, and are not merely interpolated numbers. Yes; it is true that the author of the book, Marriott Edgar, has made use of a not entirely original idea when he founds his imbroglio on the likeness of one character for another; but in this he is only following in the footsteps of Shakespeare, and as the old theme provides a succession of exceedingly amusing scenes, no one should have the least cause to grumble.

WHAT helps to make this show so entertaining is the production, which means so much in musical comedy. William Mollison is responsible for it, and displays a fertility of resource and an eye for business—in the theatrical sense—which leave not one dull moment. As a single instance of clever production let me cite the chorus work to the duet, "I'm On a See-saw," which assuredly helps along the illusion suggested in the title, though, it may be, in picking this out I am bestowing praise in the wrong direction, and that Fred Lord, who is responsible for the dances and ensembles, should receive this pat on the back, while another pat should assuredly be given to Vivian Ellis for some very jolly music, and to Desmond Carter for his lyrics.

The company is a mixture of the "legit." and the lighter aspect of the stage. Among the former are those two first-rate actors, Frederick Lloyd and Sebastian Smith. I would also include Viola Tree but for the fact that she seems nowadays to be hovering, like some disembodied spirit, between the two worlds, but quite at home when landing on either.

THERE are four principals with Mus.Com. degrees, one being John Mills, who differs from some heroes of the musical stage in possessing a sense of humour and a pleasant personality; there is Louise Browne, a tower of strength in any show of this sort; there is Frances Day, surely the platinumest blonde in existence, who, whether acting, dancing, or singing, possesses an appeal which it is hard to define, while to make up the quartette we have Arthur Riscoe, who, I venture to think, is one of the funniest comedians of the day. And just to fill up any interstices Teddie St. Denis and Edward Molloy, a clever pair, are thereabouts with song and dance.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Pendleton Brookes, alias Jack Crawford (Arthur Riscoe) escapes from the bath-room to give a nightingale selection

Jill Sonning, alias Sari Tamara (Frances Day), seen in her "dancing with a ghost" number, as we should like to see it. Actually, the ghost wore a natty dress-suiting

Below: "I'm On a See-saw," an attractive musical number, with Louise Browne seen extreme left, a few other babies, and John Mills

Vegetable Experts

Two Elder Statesmen Caricatured by Wladimir Bielkine

David Lloyd George

Below: *Stanley Baldwin*

BROCCOLI and potatoes! No Englishman becomes a complete and mellow public character until he proves that at heart he's a countryman. Only when his feet are seen to be firmly planted in the honest soil of his garden or his estate is he altogether to be trusted. Stanley Baldwin's plain Worcestershire stamp has always stood him in good stead. And now David Lloyd George, the quicksilvery little Welsh solicitor, has established himself as a grower of prize potatoes and apples down in Surrey, and can walk about the political fields with the right amount of earth on his boots. Bielkine is at his most amusing in his paper pictures of the two ex-Prime Ministers, than whom, barring the vegetable expertise they have in common, it would be hard to find a more sharply contrasted couple

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Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

SOMEBODY in the Prime Minister's entourage, the finest in the wur-r-uld, gave us the low-down the other day concerning Mr. George Arliss's knighthood, which, after being advertised in advance as a certainty for the New Year Honours—how do these things get into the papers?—didn't happen after all. People are going about town now saying that the thing was a flop simply because Mr. Arliss's film rôles last year failed to include Gladstone, Drake, Little Nell, Queen Elizabeth, Tiny Tim, W. G. Grace, Wendy, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Florence Nightingale, Uncle Tom's Cabin, the Fair Maid of Perth, and Marshall and Snelgrove. This, we are assured, is absurd. Nobody expected Mr. Arliss to portray all our national heroes. A man can't do everything all at once.

We can hardly imagine that what happened to Mr. Arliss's knighthood was what happened to our own a few years ago. The pink paper was drawn out of the Prime Minister's hat all right, but during the Christmas holidays the head housekeeper's little girl used it for charades and it got thrown away. When Whitehall resumed its normal post-Christmas activities one or two Under-Secretaries asked languidly: "Where the devil is that blasted what-d'you-call it?", but as nobody was greatly interested, the matter dropped. We never made any fuss about it. There was such a terrible crop of knights that particular year that, on the whole, we thought it didn't much matter. We shouldn't think anybody could be as careless as that with a film star's title, and we can only conclude that the Prime Minister's entourage (the finest in the wur-r-uld) is waiting for the appropriate moment—for example, the golden day, prophetically pictured by a BYSTANDER artist in our Christmas Number, when Mae West is gazetted Honorary Colonel of the Coldstream Guards.

Flag

INCIDENTALLY, we heard recently of a dramatic incident in which a girl explorer was involved in Mexico, together with a lithe, handsome, clean-cut, black-moustached fellow-rover, whose name (you won't be much surprised to hear, devouring adventure serials as you do) was Carew.

Arrested by Reds in a remote town, and condemned to be shot as spies, Carew and the girl faced the firing-party with heroic courage. Just as the rifles were raised, Carew snatched a flag from his bivouac and flung it round his swooning companion.

"At least you dare not fire on the gallant British flag!" he cried.

Two days later the intrepid girl met the Bolshevik leader in a café in the town.

"That was a lucky break for you," said the Bolshevik leader amicably, rolling a cigarette.

"How?" she asked.

"Well, between ourselves," said the Bolshevik leader, beckoning a waiter, "we all thought he said 'Gaumont-British.'"

Coffee was then served.

Cad

WE hear that a very well-known West End club, of which the cantankerous Whistler acidly said that it was founded to celebrate the new English discovery of the bath, had a little trouble not long ago with Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller, film star and husband of the exotic Lupe ("Keel heem") Velez.

A couple of members who admire Mr. Weissmuller's magnificent swimming, took him along to the club on one or two occasions and introduced him to the famous swimming-bath. Most of the members enjoyed seeing Mr. Weissmuller perform, except a group of true blue die-hards, who complained that Mr. Weissmuller did not swim like a gentleman. This was because Mr. Weissmuller, full of joie de vivre, used at intervals to come up from the depths and imitate a seal, with appropriate noises. Sipping their pre-luncheon sherry and critically contemplating this exhibition, the die-hard group came to the conclusion that it ought to be stopped. They didn't actually make a complaint to the Committee, but they took care to have this judgment conveyed unofficially to Mr. Weissmuller's sponsors, who laughed themselves sick.

You may think this procedure was mere waggery, but it wasn't. It was deadly serious, involving every aspect of Good Form, Cricket, and the Code that Has Made Us What We Are. These things no foreigner could ever understand, least of all Mr. Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller, that great, big, happy boy, who

"No! Once and for all, you can't shoot grandmamma"

is still in our midst, innocent of his hideous offence.

Idle Tears

NEVER having been on the free list at Ciro's, we haven't been able to be as sentimental about its recent temporary closing-down as some of the gossip boys. To read some of them going emotional over it, one would almost imagine they 'd been born there.

We 've always found it difficult to shed a tear over the passing of any urban eating-house, especially if it has no particular aura. We were a bit annoyed over the modernisation of the old Verrey's and the Café Royal, we admit, simply because both places were full of illustrious ghosts, and their air held the faded fragrance of a more gracious era than our own. But did we lose our appetite over either? Not on your life. As Dr. Johnson said, very truly, your friend may have been hanged to-day, but you eat your dinner just the same. One place goes, others arrive. Le Grand Vatel may be dead, but there 's always Foyot's.

In New York they take these things more seriously. When the old Waldorf was pulled down, souvenir-hunters fought for bits of brick and plush to treasure and hand down to their posterity. In this country we couldn't for a long time even find anybody to make a bid for the historic—nay, illustrious—stones of Old Temple Bar, which somebody eventually carted down into the country, where it stands now at a park entrance, we forget where. The Americans have more veneration for the past than we.

Our island attitude towards such things was probably seen at its most striking in the eighteenth century, when the remains of ruined abbeys were knocked about by their owners a bit more to make them look more picturesque by moonlight. We don't deserve to have any relics of the past, except Bernard Shaw.

Three Men

THE list of centenaries for 1935, which some earnest person published in the *Times* the other day, doesn't look too hot to us. Rather a job lot of notabilities, in fact, with three big exceptions. What of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate? And Felicia Hemans, who wrote *Casabianca*? And Andrew Carnegie, and Sir John Eldon Gorst, and Birkbeck Hill, and Nash, the architect, and Viscount Selby and Orchardson, R.A.? We have no busts of any of these to wreath with laurel, our man tells us.

The three exceptions, happily, are big enough to make the list worth publishing. Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, Cardinal Fisher (whose head, as the old ballad says, was no longer there when the Hat arrived), and Cobbett are three

"The trouble with you, Dad, is you don't know life"

"How did that get there?"

pretty good examples of our race at its best. More and Fisher, whose trials and execution the jurist Mackintosh calls "the blackest crime in the history of English judicial procedure," may be canonised this year. The great Cobbett is John Bull without the complacent ignorance and buffle-headedness of the type, and a master of clear, strong, brown prose whose *Rural Rides* you ought to read some day, when you have time. He was the first to describe Birmingham as a hell-hole.

Three Englishmen of whom England can be glad. Any one of them would be a god-send to us at this moment, beset as we are on every hand by charlatans of every hue, not to speak of windbags of the Scottish Nation.

Sporting Offer

SOMEBODY told us the other evening the story of Mr. George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," which we think might put ideas into your head, wealthy and too careful as you are.

Tinkering one day at a jazz tune, weary and ill at ease, Mr. Gershwin received a visit from Mr. Paul Whiteman, who said he ought to compose a serious rhapsody on jazz motifs. "Hell!" said Mr. Gershwin, or words to that effect, "What 's the idea of my wasting time on that sort of caviare when it takes me all my time to make a living writing ordinary tunes?" Whereupon, Mr. Whiteman retired, appearing a couple of days later with a fairy godfather named Otto Kahn, member of a well-known fairy family, who, after about five minutes' chat, sat down and wrote a cheque for ten thousand dollars, remarking casually that Mr. Gershwin might as well get on with it. The "Rhapsody in Blue" was then written, in about three weeks, with results everybody knows.

The moral is that what we true artists need to-day is a Mæcenas. The eighteenth century was the time for us, when the rich hadn't thought of monkeys and actors and minor poets as pets, and were willing to play with Literature and the Arts. Since then, we artists have tried everything, including the ham-faced public, and, in our opinion, it 's about time the wealthy patron came in again. We 're perfectly aware of what Dr. Johnson wrote:

But see what ills the scholar's life assail!
Toil, envy, want, the Patron, and the jail,

but we think that was just a fit of temper.

Tread Very Quietly

MIXING indefatigably as we do with the smart world, we often come across pathological cases which interest us despite ourselves. At a dinner-party the other night, for example, we met a very rich but anxious woman who was under the impression that her back was probably covered with glue. She was not sure. She only thought so. This worried her extremely.

We said sympathetically: "Why not thump yourself on the back? If it really is all over glue, your hand will stick to it, and at least you won't have this painful suspense all the time."

She thumped herself on the back, and said: "You see? Nothing happens!"

We said: "Well, there you are!"

She said impatiently: "Yes, but can't you see? That 's what makes it so awful!"

Since meeting this glue case, we 've had a letter from Dorothy Parker, the girl scourge of America, who is at the moment living at Beverley Hills. She tells us a friend of hers, formerly on the *New Yorker*, is now resting very quietly in the country, and thinks he has a paper-clip on the end of his tongue. Nothing more and nothing less. Just a paper clip. Did you know things like this happen constantly? We 'll bet you don't know half that goes on round you.

Us Too

WE know a very respectable man worth half a million who regularly eats his letters after writing them, under the impression that his mouth is the slit of a pillar-box. We 're not fooling you. This is the age of speed and progress, and it isn't all of us who can face up to it. Our own periodical delusion, if we may mention it, is that every time we shake hands with the Editor of the BYSTANDER, our ears fill with linseed. June and October are our worst months.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Oh, dear, he's got one of his Mafeking turns again"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 14.—E. V. Lucas

OF simple things and simple folk he writes,
For nothing so delights
Him as revealing quiet charms that grace
And bless the commonplace;
And by his sympathy he proves to be
A major singer in a minor key.

Quite ordinary people, 'neath his pen,
Rise from the ruck of men
To charm us with the simple lives they lead;
And as his books we read
We realise that "plain Janes" often are
More interesting than some movie star.

The insular and hidebound prejudice
That often seems amiss
When Britons go abroad, he does not share,
For he finds everywhere
A fund of humour and a store of grace
In "bloomin' furriners" of ev'ry race.

The rush and bustle of this present age
Find no praise on his page,
And so we say, when he spurns wordy cranks,
"For this relief, much thanks"—
Long may our modern Elia provide
Those fragrant bouquets to our London Pride!

B. W.

Left: some of the Garth's younger followers waiting in a typical fir and bracken covert after the meet at Minley Manor, Mr. B.F.G. Currie's place near Farnborough

"Let Battle Commence!"

Waiting for the Fox to Do His Bit In Three Counties

A Quorn Conversation-Piece

Lady Dorothy Macmillan, plus her ciné-camera, was at the High Peak meet at the Waterloo, near Buxton. Her sister, Lady Maud Baillie, is the Master

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Rattray, Lord Furness's daughter, talking to Col. Sam Ashton and her brother, the Hon. Christopher Furness. This was after the Quorn meet at Frisby-on-the-Wreak

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

"OF course, everybody's gone off to winter sports." By "everybody" the speaker would probably include the twenty-three people that she rings up every morning between the hours of eleven and twelve-thirty, whose telephones are on Mayfair and Grosvenor exchanges. She would also include that happy band of pilgrims who have gone all the way to St. Moritz to drink cocktails in the Palace Bar with their friends, instead of in the Embassy Club and the Ritz.

There are, of course, the sporting groups which leave Victoria Station with skis as the most important item of luggage: already the young men of the party have donned their sweaters, not to be discarded until they return to England. They have some justification when they say: "There's no snow at St. Anton or Kitzbuhl yet." For the others, the snow is just a good background for their sportswear.

As it happens, there is enough snow at St. Anton and Kitzbuhl for the most ardent ski-ers, and at Innsbruck there is always snow—in the early part of the season you have to be dragged up to it in a funicular, but it is always there for you. Also, the purchasing power of the Austrian *schilling* is very much greater from our point of view, apart from concessions made by Swiss railways and hotels, than the Swiss franc. But perhaps if you have enough of the latter, it is all right. But a postcard from Mr. Cecil Latta, at Gstaadt, tells me that Lord Michelham and his brother Jack are at Caux, and I feel sure they would not be there unless they had arranged the most excellent en pension terms—allowing for luncheon to be taken out from the hotel in the form of sandwiches, and other such knowledgeable little points.

Mrs. Richard Whatton

Mrs. Whatton, sketched at a lunch-party, wore a black velvet pillar-box hat, with a veil. She is Lady Margaret MacRae's younger daughter, and married Richard Whatton in 1933

Lady Ebury

Above: Lady Ebury was at the dance Lady Amery gave at Knightshayes Court, Tiverton. She was Anne Acland-Troyte, and is another young-married of the 1933 vintage

Right: Sarah Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's second daughter, was also at Lady Amery's dance in Devonshire. She was wearing dark red satin, which went well with her hair

Miss Sarah Churchill

MANY people on their way to winter sports, pass through Paris. The Duke and Duchess of Kent went there for a few hours on their way to Munich (they will be within easy distance of the Austrian resorts), and were greeted by Mme. Ralli, the charming Greek-Parisienne who was the Duchess's school-mate. She will be at Kitzbuhl this week, joining her fellow snow-girl, Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge.

PARIS has also been cheered up by the presence of Mr. Raymond de Trafford, who will never really be convinced that this city has been his lucky one. It is quite untrue to say that he has been gold-digging in

Miss Marjorie Leigh Entertains for Charity

(1) Miss Marjorie Leigh with Lady Cowdray at the at-home she and Mrs. Anthony Murray gave at the former's house in Carlton House Terrace in connection with the Circus charity matinée. (2) Mr. Anthony Acton talking to Lady O'Neill. (3) The Hon. Mrs. Robin Gurdon and her brother, Lord Cowdray. (4) The Hon. Daphne Pearson, youngest of Lord Cowdray's sisters, and Lady Gloria Vaughan. (5) Lady Maud Carnegie talking to Lady Tiverton. (6) Lord Pentland and the Hon. Mrs. L. M. Gibbs, Lord Farnham's elder daughter. (7) Lady Jean Bertie and Mr. Anthony Murray, whose wife was joint-hostess, and is one of the Pearson sisters. (8) Mrs. Anthony Acton being sketched by Molly Bishop; the result is on page 97

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Australia: he has not been working in the mines at all, but has "business interests" and organises a lending-library. He was to be seen at Chez Florence (where Victor reigns supreme) the other night; so was Mr. Christian Dufaure and his wife, who was Miss June O'Malley-Keyes. Her sister, Rosemary, is now living in London with her mother, who is busy arranging her daughter's post-nuptial marriage settlement.

MR. MICHAEL FARMER also looked in; he has now decided to go to Tahiti for a complete rest. In his party were Lady Ashley and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Sen., so all the little birds who whispered that they had parted for ever on the shore at Cannes, when he sailed for America, are nothing but twittering little gossips.

Miss Sandra Rambeau looked radiant in rubies and silver foxes; she must lead a very happy life, judging by her contented expression. She, too, is soon off to St. Moritz for winter sports, though, naturally, the Cresta Run is not her strong suit: she leaves that to such experts as Captain "Jimmy" Coats, Mr. Jack Heaton, and Mr. Ralph Hawkes.

MR. LEONARD GOVETT and Mr. Hamar Bagnall were to be seen in the Ritz Bar, fresh from their rollicking New Year's Eve gala at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Bagnall, of course, can never be too long away from business. What a night that must have been! The orchestra wore blue robes starred with silver, the leader appearing as a white-winged angel. Silly people said it was Captain D'Arcy Rutherford in disguise. Chimney-sweeps entered and distributed largesse in the form of "gold coins," but there is no record that anybody bothered to pick them up. Lord and Lady Scarsdale (she has since had that sleighing accident), the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and Mr. Hubert Martineau were there; Mr. Rodney Soher also had a party.

PRUNIER'S opens its doors in St. James's Street on Friday, an appropriate day for fish-eaters. The restaurant will be on exactly the same lines as the Paris house, with crustaceans very prominent, about six sorts of oysters, and frogs from the famous Prunier frog-ponds, which never freeze. Mme. Prunier has been darting backwards and forwards between London and Paris, making the final arrangements.

MR. (or should we not say "Maestro"?) Sidney Beer has also been in Paris, before going down to Vienna, where he is conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in a broadcast. It is sad that Sir Thomas Beecham is not able to conduct his two concerts there.

MR. PEEPS

The Knight-Dodson Wedding

Mr. Claude Knight, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Knight, of Syon House, East Budleigh, and the Hon. Priscilla Dodson, Lord Monk Bretton's only sister, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Woman to Woman

THE Duke and Duchess of Kent were at the Savoy, having a party with the Portarlingtons, just before setting sail for Munich and other favourite haunts of the Duchess's. She was wearing a very attractive black frock, with a silver stripe down one side, and a red-and-silver sash, and on each shoulder a

The Wiggin Baby Christened

George David Henry Wiggin was christened at St. Michael's, Chester Square, last week. His father, Mr. Peter Wiggin, is in the 11th Hussars; his mother was Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth. His godmothers included Mrs. Charles Sweeny

diamond star. Her wrap was a cape of silver fox. Lady Portarlington looked as young as ever in black and white. Others to be seen that night were the Sweenys, tête-à-tête, and looking as pleased with each other as usual. Lord Milton, on the other hand, was not with his wife; his companion was Lady Ashley.

The John Masons (night seldom seems to turn into day without their being seen there) had a party, with Mrs. Jack Coats, Mrs. D'Arcy Rutherford, and Mr. Peter Clarke, brother of our friend "Charlie." The Alexander Wallaces also had a party that night. She was looking charming in a pink brocade frock, with touches of green in its neck and long sleeves. The Alistair Maynards were with them, and Miss Betty Kerr-Smiley, who wore turquoise blue. Everybody was delighted to see Mrs. Arthur Pilkington out and about again after her accident. The Duke of Kent had a few words with her, and was obviously asking after her skull.

On another night, at the same restaurant, were Lord and Lady Jersey, she swathed in that silver fox cape of hers that she is so devoted to. The Anthony Hornbys were together. We can't help admiring her figure, and envying her clothes. Mrs. "Boy" Wilson was also there that night, and those regular Savoy attendants, Mr. Charles Miles and Mrs. Betty Fielden.

The Beaufort Hunt Ball was more crowded and even more fun than ever. Such a mass of humanity that it was difficult really to see who was there. The Keith Menzies had a large party, including the Paravacinis and Mr. "Bill" Eykyn, who always helps a party along. Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield brought Miss Nan McGowan, who, one way and another, attracted a good deal of attention. She was looking lovely. Lots of Fullers were about, including Sir Gerard and Lady Fiona. Miss Patricia Harrison was looking attractive. She is the youngest of those "out" of Major Jack Harrison's "tribe." Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bishop brought a party, including Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon (lovelier than ever); both she and her hostess know how to enjoy themselves. Quite the best-looking person there, we all thought, was Mrs. Roland Findlay, dark and full of charm. The Maurice Kingscotes we also managed to see. Talking of them reminds us that we hear rumours of a spot of bother going on in both those V.W.H. packs.

Everybody in India is looking forward to seeing Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, who have just set sail. They are, of course, to be the guests of Lord and Lady Willingdon at the Viceroy's House, New Delhi, for a part of the time. Lord Cambridge's young brother, Lord Frederick Cambridge, has gone with them as A.D.C. He is very good-looking, and a nephew of Lord Athlone, and ought to enjoy himself madly.

We seem to have nothing to say about Switzerland this week, but here 's a bit from Leicestershire instead. Apart from Miss Monica Sheriffe hurting her knee and Mrs. Toby Greenall breaking a bone in her face, casualties have been few and far between, which is lucky. Lady Floyd and her husband we 've seen out quite a lot. They have been staying with her father, Colonel Gretton. He is expecting his other daughter, Mrs. Teddy Brook, to come and have a bit of hunting directly. She and Captain Brook spend most of their time at his Dumfriesshire home, Kinmount. Others to be seen out and about are Colonel Freddie Cripps, on foot, complete with Inverness cape (some say he sleeps in it, but that 's by the way), Major Sam Ashton, who surely ought to be going off abroad soon, Lady Kathleen Rollo, who had such a nasty accident last year, and, of course, the Harrison riding establishment.

MRS. PEEPS

Caruso's Première in "Rigoletto" in Vienna

A scene in the film, where the Vienna Opera House is shown in all its pre-war glory, on the first night of "Rigoletto," with Caruso singing. His actual voice is heard in the film, and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra plays. In the box are Gerda (Hilde von Stoltz) and Anita (Olga Tschechowa)

Gerda (Hilda von Stoltz) hears with amazement the scandal which gives the film its name; while Poldi (Paula Wessely) offers her cigars and cigarettes

"Maskerade"

A Brilliant Viennese Film at the Academy

"MASKERADE" is directed by Willy Forst, of *Unfinished Symphony* fame, and has caused even more of a sensation on the Continent than the Schubert film. The story, by Walter Reisch, is based on a Viennese scandal of 1905, about a young and lovely society girl who was painted by a well-known artist in nothing but a mask and a muff, and the picture was published by accident. Adolf Wohlbruck plays the artist, and the part of Leopoldine Dur is taken by Paula Wessely. She is a well-known Viennese actress, who here makes her film début; she appeared with brilliant success as Marguerite in *Faust* at Salzburg last year, and is obviously a tremendous acquisition to the screen world. *Maskerade* has its English première at the Academy on Thursday evening

Paula Wessely

"Romeo and Juliet" In the New World

Katharine Cornell's Production at the Martin Beck Theatre

Photographs by Vandamm, New York

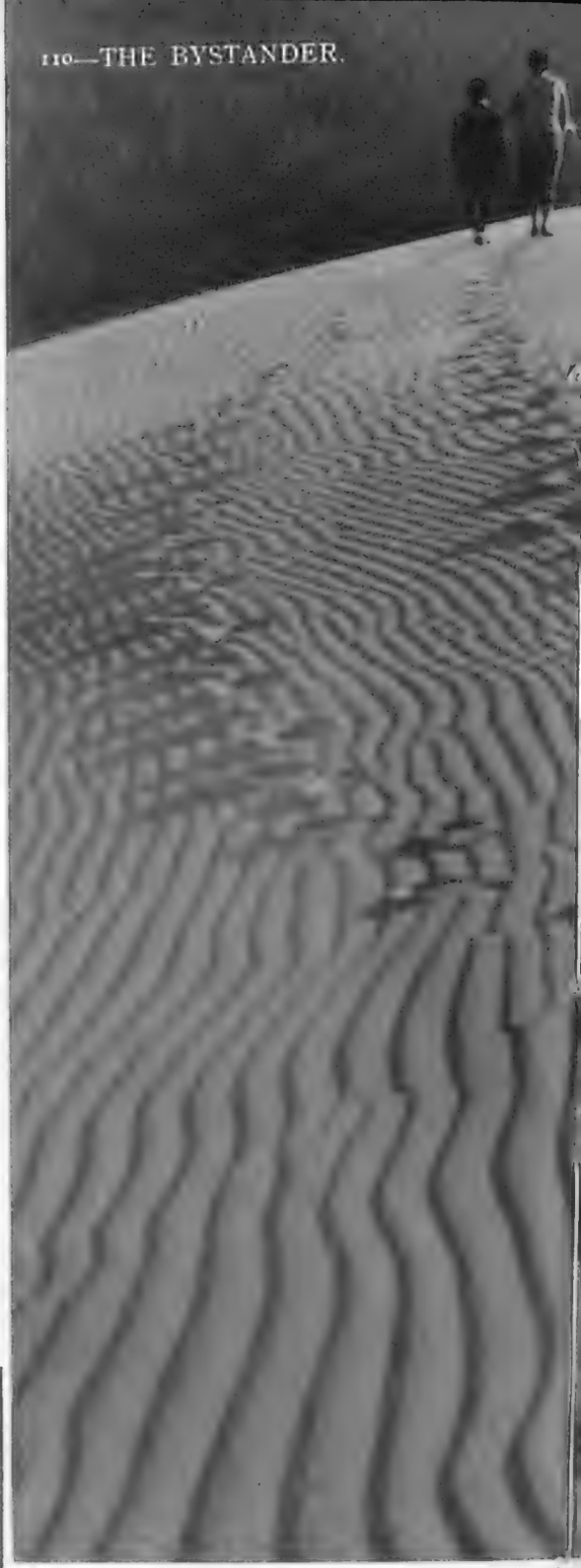
Katharine Cornell as Juliet, Basil Rathbone as Romeo

Edith Evans as the Nurse

KATHARINE CORNELL'S production of "Romeo and Juliet," at the Martin Beck Theatre, is one of the most important theatrical events of the winter season in New York. She is a brilliantly clever actress, who has, unfortunately, only been seen once in London, when she played Jo in "Little Women" in 1919. Basil Rathbone is an old hand at Shakespeare, and has played Romeo at Stratford-on-Avon. Edith Evans has played the Nurse with the O.U.D.S. and at the Old Vic., but has never before appeared in a Shakespearean play in America. She went to New York as soon as the run of "The Late Christopher Bean" ended, to join the cast of Miss Cornell's production

On the left is another photograph of Katharine Cornell in her first Shakespearean rôle as Juliet. On the right, Brian Aherne makes a gay and handsome Mercutio. This is his first appearance in Shakespeare in an important part

Echo By Bertram Park



Wandering in

Right:
World Crisis
By Chaloner Woods

"Photogra

Five Picture
Being Held

IN the Exhibition held by th
this month, are being show
in "Photograms of the Year,
F. J. Mortimer, Hon. F.R.P.S.,
being to "mirror the curre
"functional" rather than "ar
"The Year's Work" when he
making. To-day, clear-cut
not only the best pict

Fairyland By S. Tada (Cape Town)

ams of the Year"

from the Exhibition Now
y the London Camera Club

London Camera Club in John Street, Adelphi, during
the originals of all the photographs chosen to appear
934-5." This extremely interesting volume, edited by
as appeared annually for the last forty years, its object
tendency of pictorial photography." This tendency,
tic," is summed up by Mr. Mortimer in his essay on
ys: "Diffusion of focus is dead as an asset in picture-
tail and technical excellence throughout distinguish
al work, but proclaim the good photographer"

Right: *The Cauldron* By F. J. Mortimer

L'Ocarina By J. Bertoglio (Italy)

John Everard

"The Marquise de Pompadour"

By the Hon. Pamela Mitford, After the Picture by F. Boucher

THE HON. PAMELA MITFORD chose Boucher's picture of Madame de Pompadour in the Wallace Collection as model for her disguise for the Bal Masqué at the Austrian Legation. Her lovely dress, a close copy of the original in the picture, was thought out for her by Anna de Wolkoff, the clever Russian dress designer, who is a friend of hers. Pamela Mitford is the second of Lord Redesdale's six daughters, a sister of Mrs. Peter Rodd, and Mrs. Bryan Guinness

The Bystander,
January 15, 1935—113

Golden Miller Was Second Over the Water Jump—

Below: the Hon. Dorothy Paget's grand horse is at his race-winning again. At Leicester there wasn't much competition for him, and he won the Mapperley Steeplechase by fifteen lengths from Scotch Wood, with Jack's Puzzle six lengths further behind. Golden Miller, having won last year's Grand National, is strong favourite this year

—But He Won In a Canter

Gatwick Sellers and Winners

By "Regular"

FOR longer than I care to remember, people have complained of the fact that horses which weren't platers at all were run in selling races so that owners could satisfy their lust for gambling. "Selling plates are not being used for what they were originally intended," they cried, and we were all duly shocked, and agreed that the abuse must be stopped. It was rather as if some members of the Athenæum suddenly decided that the club wasn't really a place to sleep in.

WELL, to return to sellers. People began bidding for platers, and some frightful cads even went so far as to claim one, with the result that the gamblers decided that the game wasn't worth the candle, and we found horses competing in selling plates worth very little more than the advertised sale price of the winner.

WELL, you'd have thought there'd have been general satisfaction at this happy state of affairs, wouldn't you? The little man would have a chance of winning a race with his "sausage-skin," while the big stable would have a chance of disposing of that horrible horse whose presence in the string was an insult to his illustrious stable companions.

BLESS your sweet, trusting natures for imagining anyone would ever be satisfied racing, and the grousers are wearing longer faces than ever. Old gentlemen, and old ladies, too, for that matter, are grumbling now that the quality of the contestants is so low that they daren't bet on them; while the racecourse executives are in floods of tears because nobody will bid for the winner, and they are getting no surplus.

THE climax came at Gatwick the other day, when a couple of "untouchables" ran a dead-heat, and though the auctioneer made an impassioned appeal, with a sob in his voice which had Bing Crosby stone cold, not a soul would bid for either of them.

ANOTHER innovation we have all been clamouring for is a greater uniformity in the handicapping. It has been obvious to the meanest intelligence for years that the right people to appoint the handicappers were the Jockey Club and National Hunt Stewards. Now that this is a fait accompli, quite a lot of people are indignant because some are out of a job. This is, of course, very regrettable, but one cannot let personal feelings stand in the way of the welfare of the majority.

AT Gatwick we saw the success of two of the biggest horses that ever went racing. I refer to Glenhazel and Remus. When a horse is very big he needs very strong legs to carry him. Unfortunately, Glenhazel and Remus have not been thus endowed, and it is only due to the skill of their trainers, Messrs. Hall and Gosden, that they are once again—anyhow, temporarily—sound.

IF these two horses had never been lame, I have not a shadow of doubt that they would have been the two best steeplechase horses of the century, but I admit it is a big IF. Soundness is the essential quality in a racehorse.

BOTH these giants gave magnificent displays of jumping in their respective races, and we can only hope, for the sakes of their owners and all concerned, that they remain sound. The presence of a perfectly sound Remus and a perfectly sound Glenhazel in the Grand National would make Golden Miller and Thomond II. sit up and take notice.

AFTER his success at Gatwick, Glenhazel's owner, Mrs. Lewis, gave him a resounding kiss. This should spur him on to fresh endeavours. If you give a horse a kiss for winning at Gatwick, what do you give him for winning the National?

I SHOULD imagine that riding Remus round a park course must be a steeplechase jockey's idea of Heaven. A free-going horse, he jumps like a stag, measuring his fences with the greatest accuracy. We must congratulate Gosden and Hamey on their skill with Remus, but we must not forget the Morgans, Frank and Tommy, who were responsible for his schooling in his younger days.

I VENTURED to suggest that when Dusty won at Hurst Park his lines were cast in pleasant places, and that he had little to beat, and I was prepared for Mr. Peter Akroyd's wonderfully-improved Pook's Hill to defeat him, despite the fact that Pook's Hill met Mr. Graham's old swimmer on considerably worse terms than when he defeated the latter a head at Sandown. And so he did with the greatest of ease, Dusty's strokes getting shorter and shorter a long way from the shore.

THE day was a great triumph for Tim Hamey, a most likeable young man, and one who will get up on anything, no matter whether it has any idea of jumping or not. Three winners in a row, or the hat-trick, as the fast set insist on styling it, is a very fine performance on the flat. It is, to my mind, an even finer one over jumps, though considerably less profitable. The difference in cash between a Gordon Richards hat-trick and a Tim Hamey hat-trick would take you and me to Cannes for a month, even if we never turned up a nine.

• ROUNDABOUT

Faces for Races; or, Four Well-Knowns at Leicester

Lady Warwick is with Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham, whose horse, Loyal Prince, ran second in a race on the second day of the meeting

Lady Ainsworth and Miss Hope-Johnstone were both wearing British-warm coats, which have become a sort of racing uniform

A Sussex Hunt Ball:

Miss Anne Baxendale is sitting out with Mr. A. Cyril Bryce-Smith at the Southdown Hunt Ball, held at Lewes, which is the centre of the country. The here-and-there of this Sussex hunt also includes Brighton

Left: Miss Mary Collins, Miss Patricia Eyres-Monsell, Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell, and Miss Betty Kerr-Smiley all went over from Dumbleton Hall, the Eyres-Monsells' place, to the North Cotswold children's meet at Broadway

Below, left: Lady Scarsdale, Miss Ursula Horlick and her crutches and Mrs. J. N. Horlick in a St. Moritz sleigh of the same kind in which Lady Scarsdale met her alarming accident

Below: Prince Christopher of Greece, Princess Irene of Greece, Mrs. R. A. Matthinson, of Los Angeles, the Duke of Spoleto, and Mr. R. de Gelmini on the golf-course at Brioni, of which Mr. de Gelmini is the secretary

The Cottesmore at Exton Park

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Wyndham, Lady Warrender and Sir Victor Warrender, and behind, Lady Rodney and Mr. James Baird outside Exton Park, the Warrenders' place in Rutland, where the Cottesmore met last week. Mr. Baird was Master and joint-Master from 1921 to 1930

the Southdown Go Gay at the Lewes Town Hall

Swaebe

Above : Mr. Philip Buckland and his attractive companion, Miss Wyn Hilder, both look as if the hunt ball was giving them a good evening

Above, right : Mr. Arthur Dalgety, who has been Master since 1929, is with Captain Hartman, the joint Master-elect, and Mrs. Hartman

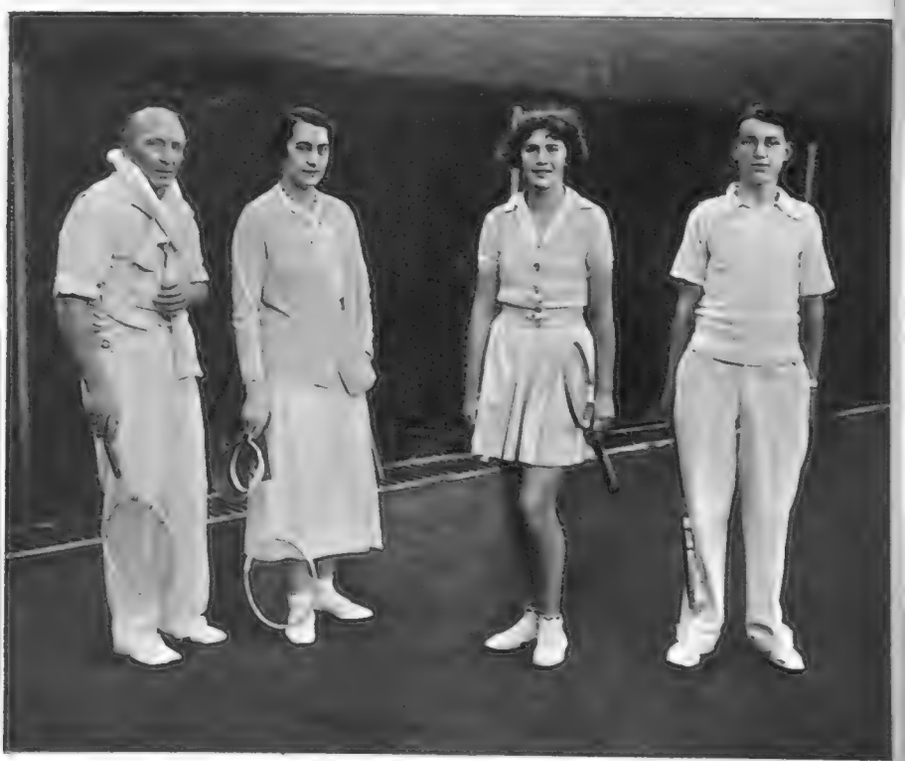
Right : Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, Dr. Peter de Rees, and Miss Barbara Potter had a good joke as they sat between the bay-trees

Below, right : Mr. B. Marion Crawford and the Duchess of Westminster played Miss Pittman and Mr. Hancock in the semi-final of a tournament at the Country Club, Monte Carlo, the other day, and beat them 6—3, 6—3

Out with the Pytchley

Lord Spencer and his eleven-year-old son and heir, Lord Althorp, were out with the Pytchley when they met at Cottesbrooke. The first Earl Spencer was the first Master of the Pytchley, 180 years ago

Below : the Duke of Westminster, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mr. Bell arriving at the Royalty at Monte Carlo for their before-lunch apéritif



A Riviera Tennis Match

Two Days' Jumping

The January Meeting at Leicester

Pretty Miss Puckle

Diana Puckle, who goes to even more race meetings than she has badges on her race glasses, and is one of the nicest-looking objects that may meet the eye around the paddock or stands, is with Mr. P. C. Puckle

Lord Malden—Jockey

Lord Malden, the Earl of Essex's only son, rode Mr. J. Dance's Bedraggled in the Hinckley Selling Handicap Hurdle Race, but without success

Right: Mr. Robert Petre, who rode his own horse, Polar Image, in the first race, is with his wife. They were married quite recently

The Hon. Mrs. Foljambe, whose husband's Scotch Wood was second to Golden Miller in the Mapperley Steeplechase on the first day, is with Miss Sherrard and Mrs. Grant-Lawson

Mr. Jack Anthony is walking round with Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Miss Warren; his horse, St. Fergus, won the race Lord Malden rode in on the first day

. . . John Radnor on "Rugger": The "Rugger" Week

Howard Marshall, our "Rugger" correspondent is resting, on doctor's orders, for the remainder of the season. This week Mr. John Radnor makes his bow as a most efficient substitute

HOWARD MARSHALL'S "Crusty Spectator" has been having the time of his life. At the recent Twickenham trial—a most significant word, trial!—he might be described as having been in excelsis and in extremis at the same time. It would be a shame to harrow the feelings of the average cheerful reader of the BYSTANDER by enlarging upon the sufferings of the Rugby Union Selectors. The words "hooker," "stand-off half," "Heaton" and "Leyland," and last, but not least, "Gerrard," surely will be found engraved on their hearts if a post mortem ever comes to be ordered. It is a gruesome subject.

But let us try to be moderately bright, even in our crustiness. Less than a week now remains to go, but it still is much too early to assume that the real England, as opposed to the trial match England, will be beaten by Wales at Twickenham — always a Welsh bogey—on January 19th. Men and form in both countries are in the melting-pot, and no one can say into which pan of the scales the really decisive factors—team-work and team-spirit—will settle themselves. And how splendid, when one comes to think of it, this unknown quantity is. It keeps a game a game, slaughters the materialists at the height of their over-confidence, and every now and then makes a pessimist smile.

The failure of a Probable England fifteen to win one of the three trial games not only was a probable record—if a species of Scotsman's pun may be pardoned—it also was a symptom. A remark which applies equally well to the rout of the English schoolboys by the Scottish at Richmond, about which, perhaps, more anon.

The Final Trial Match at Twickenham

J. W. Forrest (Royal Navy and U.S., Portsmouth), a forward and captain of the Rest, and B. C. Gadney (Leicester), England's captain and scrum-half, leading out their teams before the trial match at Twickenham. The final chosen fifteen showed that Forrest did not add another International cap to the ten he already possesses, while Gadney, at scrum-half, is superseded by J. L. Giles, of Coventry

THE modern forward has his virtues, and some of the ancients, at best, were only dinosaurs where elephants had to be; but the distaste for sinking his personality in the scrummage, even for the few seconds that cover a full shove and a clean heel, is becoming a menace to the game. It is not as if back-row play was advancing. What may be called the Voyce-Wakefield-Blakiston period seems to have left nothing behind but the knowledge that pace and liveliness are the things to catch the eye. It is a sad fact that honest scrummaging gains little kudos except among the highbrows and long-whiskers, and then only vaguely and huskily, in after-dinner speeches. Hooking, on the other hand, has developed into a kind of black magic, with equally dire results. For who wants either a cheating-match or a performance on the whistle by a grimly conscientious referee?

WITHOUT moralising any further, let the bald and interesting fact be stated that the pack labelled England in the Twickenham trial frequently got the shove without the hook—a little trite piece of technical writing that one hopes will be understood. Nicholson, the Oxford Blue, hooking for the Rest, evidently is a lot tougher than he looks. His cleverness, of course, never had been in doubt. In the trial in question, he was pitted, first, against the little Lancashire man, Toft, and then against the veteran Gregory. Up to half-time, Gregory had been a flag-wagger on the touch-line—not a bad job in the circumstances and on one of those glorious afternoons for which Twickenham is famous and fabulously lucky. As Gregory might fairly be assumed to be fresh and ready for the fray, Nicholson's double triumph was significant, and was deservedly recognised by the authorities.

Kendrew, a grand, roaring leader of forwards who, like himself, are not above a friendly scrap, shared in these front-row honours. So did Thompson, of the Harlequins. Thompson is no flickering phantom in the mauls and loose, but the Selectors, in picking the team against Wales, remained stout conservatives, and pinned their faith once more to Northampton in the person of Longland. Nous verrons.

Thompson's turn may come later, unless he joins the ranks of those ghostly unfortunates, the First Reserves, who travel hither and thither for years with the playing team, only to be forgotten when the time comes for a change. Have you ever heard the story of—no! It would be too cruel. Rather like digging up a murder.

Yet would it be any more cruel than that classic example of misfortune provided by one England, of Wales, who, for all his name, might have become one of the great Welsh full-backs but for an indisposition that prevented a first appearance in 1890? This happened to be the year in which W. J. Bancroft, then a mere youth, appeared on the scene. It was, too, I think, against England—no need to apologise for a pun here, surely—at Newport, England's own town—this admittedly does require a little thinking out. Bancroft, at any rate, went on to play thirty-three times for his country, twenty-one times without a break, and—well, need one say any more?

THIS, of course, is an almost shocking plunge back into the past, with a critical present crying aloud for our undivided attention. How, now, about veteran Boughton, of Gloucester, given a Cap at last, after seasons of careful consideration but no luck? He reached no trial this season, but what matter? Gerrard, an established centre, disestablished and set up for public view in a strange position, failed mournfully. Who knows? Perhaps he, too, was unlucky. Certainly the policy of calling an old and trusted player off at half-time, just as he was showing signs of having re-found his nerve, has not pleased everybody.

WELL, there is plenty more to write and think and talk about, but it really all boils down to this—the Selectors have sat down at the piano, played their piece, and we, my braves, must put our guns back in our poacher's pockets and pull a hopeful smile along with them. Candler, at stand-off half, is a gamble; but then, so would anyone else have been. At least he is a gallant and dashing player of the right type, who already has experienced the joy—as it must be—of getting away with a stream of passes from Giles, the sturdy little worthy from Coventry, who has been the real find of the season. Consistency has given Giles a Cap at the expense of the great Gadney.

Last, but not least, Heaton is in, and at centre. The news thrilled many an anxious soul, rather like the result of a key election. His partner, Leyland, has got in, too, somehow, on the wing. There one hopes for his cleverness to overcome a lack of speed. And Cranmer—of course! And Booth—well, determination and the big-match temperament pays.

• FILMS of the DAY

Cinema Cosmopolitan

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Rekâ" (Young Love)

Vasa Jalovec and Jarnula Berankova as Paul and Pepi, the young peasant lovers in the Czechoslovakian film, "Rekâ," at the Academy. These two have never appeared on the screen before. The film won the Universal Gold Medal at the Venice Exhibition as the finest film of European folk-life

"Behold My Wife!"

Gene Raymond as a rich young American and Sylvia Sidney as Tonita Stormcloud, the Apache Indian he marries to revenge himself on his family for their dislike of his first girl friend. This Paramount film is now at the Plaza

Of the pictures shown in the chief London cinema-houses during the first weeks of this year, three of the most interesting were Continental. American contributions included two super-musical entertainments, while English productions of note favoured costume and romance, and the never-to-be-forgotten horrific depiction of war as it really was: *Forgotten Men*

Though a critic's opinions are necessarily influenced by personal predilections and reactions, I hold that it is his duty to consider any work of art about which he dares to express himself, not only according to its intention and achievement within its own limitations, but also in relation to the pleasure it will give the particular public for whose delectation it is intended.

So, if I deal first with *Remous*, at the Curzon, the French picture directed by an Englishman, it is not because I found it the most interesting picture of the week, and therefore want to ram it down my readers' throats, but because the reflections it evoked are more vivid and more urgently desirous of expression.

There is nothing quite so unequal as French film-work. Some of the most brilliant and original examples of "cinéasm" have come from the French studios. With René Clair at their head, the little band of French cinéasts guided the first tottering steps of the infant art. On the other hand, there have been some French films unimaginably dull, verbose, and badly photographed, and some so pretentious and long-winded that they made one yawn for the vulgarities of American slapstick. Can anyone remember *Napoleon*?

Edmund Greville is a young English director working in Paris, and free from the conventions and restraints of his native land, he is working with sincerity and imagination, and though there are at moments in *Remous* signs that he is still feeling his way, he is obviously evolving a technique of his own, and discarding with discrimination time-worn shibboleths and arbitrary methods. The picture, although of psychological rather than actional import, is essentially pictorial, with a minimum of dialogue, and he and his actors are together in making the seen thing more poignant than the spoken word.

The story is that of young married people who, at the height of their ardent love for one another, are physically separated by a motor-accident, in which the young husband is paralysed for life.

Remous means an eddy or whirlpool, and there is something as remorseless and impossible to combat as swirling, sucking waters in the development of the tragedy: the woman's reluctant but inevitable succumbing to the temptation of another, normal love, and the man's dumb, watchful misery. Jean Galland, as the crippled husband, is magnificent and moving. Jeanne Boitel as the wife, and Maurice Maillot as her lover are both supremely good.

The other Continental picture comes from Czechoslovakia — *Rekâ* (*Young Love*), at the Academy. There is something of the dreamy, unawakened spirit of the parts of Central Europe still undiscovered to le tourisme in this idyll. It moves in a leisurely manner, suggesting that the Continental Bradshaw is a closed book to its participants.

How utterly different are the brilliant, rapid, large-scale musical shows which come from America, and how different the form of beauty with which they are preoccupied! I have already reviewed that sparkling terpsichorean entertainment, *Gay Divorce*, and now there comes *Dames*, a Warner Brothers picture, at the Regal. You notice "les Girls" have grown up into "Dames" (American, not French, accent)! Busby Berkeley has done it again, and even more so. Crowds of lovely creatures in kaleidoscopic movement, and brilliantly conceived and photographed patterns, woven into a plot and light satire on the American purity campaign, sustained by the old team in their best form: Dick Powell, the crooning boy friend; Joan Blondell, gold-digging stimulant for the tired business man and reformer of reformers; Guy Kibbee, as the plaintively humorous chief victim; Zasu Pitts and Hugh Herbert. Go, if you want to see stars!

In *Limehouse Blues* George Raft almost out-Wongs Anna May. They are both so slant-eyed and so impassively Oriental, that he, at least, loses something of his native verve. He is the proprietor of a café in Limehouse, from which he runs a profitable smuggling business, with murder of rivals as a side-line. She is the lovely Chinese dancer, and his mistress. But he falls in love with a little Cockney girl, tearfully and sincerely played, in American, by Jean Parker. The subsequent intrigues and counter-intrigues include an exciting chase by river police, and close with the death of Chinese Raft as a result of a change of heart which causes him to save the life of the girl's lover, whose murder he has previously arranged; all done amid sumptuous, totally fantastic Limehouse scenes.

Siegfried Rumann As He Is

The Magic of Make-up

Siegfried Rumann, the German Character-Actor, and Some of His Disguises

THE Scarlet Pimpernel depended on his disguises for his life, but his make-up technique could have had nothing on Siegfried Rumann's, who depends on it, to a certain extent, for his livelihood. This fine German actor is now in Hollywood, under contract to Fox, and has made three films for them. He appeared as the employer in Janet Gaynor's "Servant's Entrance," as the German magnate in that fine film, "The World Moves On," and as the spy-villain in "Marie Galante." He also appeared on the Broadway stage as Preysing, in "Grand Hotel." In Hollywood he is looked on as a mixture of Emil Jannings and Wallace Beery; he certainly has a slight look of Beery in his natural face, and the three photographs above are not unreminiscent of the great Jannings

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Novels and Memoirs

By Alan Thomas

Doreen Wallace

Whose new novel, "Latter Howe," was published by Collins on the last day of the old year, and is reviewed on this page. The book has a country setting and deals with Cumberland and Norfolk

Lenare

Audrey Lucas

A daughter of E. V. Lucas, whose first novel, "Double Turn," dealing with theatrical life, was published yesterday. Miss Lucas knows about what she writes, for she has previously been seen in the rôle of playwright

It is a long time since I have read a novel so moving as *Latter Howe*, by Doreen Wallace (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). I am not going to be rash enough to endorse the publisher's blurb, which describes Miss Wallace as destined "to be ranked among the great novelists of our age." But there can be no question about her being among the first half-dozen of our most competent women writers.

The story of *Latter Howe* is a simple one. A young man who breeds sheep on a poor Cumberland farm called Latter Howe falls in love with and marries a woman Don nine years his senior. From most points of view, except their own, the marriage is unsuitable. But they make a success of it until the wife, Katherine, develops incurable tuberculosis. For the sake of her health, the family is uprooted from Cumberland and goes to a farm in Norfolk, where she dies. Post-war conditions of farming, and that, too, in an alien county, conduce to bankrupt her husband, and, after her death, he goes back again to Latter Howe. That, baldly, is the story. But in the telling of it Miss Wallace has achieved something like a small masterpiece. Her technique is admirable. She gets her effects by a quiet distinction of style and a complete absence of flamboyance. And she has a vivid power of characterisation. All the people in *Latter Howe* come to life. The story of the insidious and fatal inroads of consumption upon a wholly delightful woman, and the terrible reactions of her fate upon a devoted husband sound a gloomy theme for a book. Actually, Miss Wallace has managed to escape every temptation to morbidness, and instead has succeeded in writing a poignant story with perfect artistry. It is a book that, once read, will not easily be forgotten.

Mr. R. H. Mottram's record as an author entitles him to something more than respect; and I picked up his new novel, *Early Morning* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), with feelings of pleasurable anticipation. I laid it down, I regret to say, with relief.

The book chronicles the story of an educational cruise to the Alban shore in the Mediterranean. The leading lady of the party is Reina Pallas, whose father had persuaded her to join the cruise in the hope that she might revise her opinion of her boy-friend, Cyril. The man in charge of the tour is Professor Lyon, whose knowledge of archæology the reader is afforded ample opportunity of judging. The other characters include the Honourable Rosemary Wynn-Washupe, young Achilles Caloutas (an Alban, and the Professor's right-hand man), and Mr. Pennick, who is Reina's father's factotum and was the only character in the book towards whom my heart warmed. The atmosphere of the cruise is well conveyed. There is a good deal of instructive matter, as I have indicated, on archæology, and some observations on the evils of economic nationalism. The impact of her uncomfortable experiences in a politically backward country produces in Reina's mind the reflection that "you had to be in peril, and walk in darkness (that was the very phrase), to get right away from regular habit and assured custom, and see the great ritual of nature moving on its predestined path to understand how some people had sometimes felt, and done the things they had done."

There are some good descriptions in the book, a particularly fine one of a thunderstorm. On the other hand, a great deal of the conversation seemed to me to lead nowhere except, possibly, towards the creation of an atmosphere which I am sure Mr. Mottram could have described better himself than through the mouths of his characters.

Early Morning is not, I feel, likely to be numbered among Mr. Mottram's major works.

"Sailor Town," by Paul Hervey Fox (Gollancz; 6*s.*), is the chronicle of a thirty-six-hour debauch. Luke Sweeney, third mate of the Fortinbras, was through with drink and women and all that. "He had everything figured out. He 'd go ashore with the rest, but he 'd behave himself. . . . He 'd stroll round and see things: improving things, churches and buildings and a museum if he could find one. He 'd stretch his legs with a long walk . . . eat some fresh eggs and a fresh chicken maybe. In the evening he could see a good movie." But, unhappily for Sweeney, things didn't work out that way. Quite otherwise. On landing at Porto Plata, it was not long before he was "like a battered vessel with the excitement of a storm behind it. In his head everything knocked and crashed like tumbling ninepins. . . ." In short, he "touched bottom."

"Unhappily," did I say? And yet, as he lay in the arms of the trull he had picked up "he embraced a strange realisation: he had no existence except in her, this woman who had been projected so violently into the insignificant scheme of his life. He had no other life, no other reality."

Mr. Fox understands the use of words, and his descriptive writing is rich and sensitive. In the story itself I think the book is a little too long. Short as it is—only 208 pages—the effect would have been heightened by even greater brevity. However that may be, the author deserves high praise. For he has given us the portrait of a man in his most bestial mood and yet, for all his bestiality, he is redeemed for the reader because he *is* a man and not a beast.

At the age of twelve, Eva Le Gallienne borrowed a copy of Sarah Bernhardt's Memoirs and copied them out by hand. She had her reward, for some years later Bernhardt wrote in the book: "Chère et adorable enfant, je suis émue de la grande peine que vous avez prise à copier ce grand travail. Je vous souhaite un grand bonheur dans votre vie et je vous embrasse tendrement."

This is an incident taken from Miss Le Gallienne's own memoirs, entitled *At 33* (John Lane; 12*s.* 6*d.*), and is illustrative of her early devotion to the stage. To-day she is one of America's leading actresses and founder of New York's famous Civic Repertory Theatre.

Whenever I read books about the theatre, I am always impressed by the spirit of co-operation and generosity which appears to pervade the company behind the footlights. This—someone will say at once—is an illusion. Perhaps it is. Certainly there is ground for the view when we find Miss Le Gallienne exclaiming: "If we could only eliminate the antagonism, distrust, and jealousy that unfortunately continue to hamper activity in production, a great end would be achieved." All the same, after reading her book, I felt that here was someone who had not only crammed an astonishing amount of hard work into what I hope will be the first third of her life, but who was also living her days among people genuinely and unselfishly devoted to their art.

In 1926 Miss Le Gallienne was awarded the *Pictorial Review* Prize, which is bestowed on the American woman whose service and achievement has been most outstanding during the past year. Her dream now is to found a large centre comprising two repertory theatres and lots of other things as well. I hope it may come true. Her book is sprinkled with anecdotes about the theatre, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Silver Fox Meets a Shaded Rival

Here are two views of a becoming cape of shaded fox, which may be seen in the salons of Percy Vickery, 245, Regent Street. There is something unusual about the way in which the two skins are separated across the back, while the richness of colour and perfect matching of the skins must be seen to be appreciated

Photographs by Lenare

Silver fox has stood on a plane apart, but to-day it seems as though it may have met a rival in shaded fox. For the spring, there could be nothing smarter than this beautiful cape, which also comes from Percy Vickery. The vogue for this fur is very pronounced, and although less costly than in the past, its loveliness is increased by the skilful treatment of the skins

Spring Hats For The Débutante

There is an air of youth and gaiety about these three hats, which have deserted Paris in favour of Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street. The above model is the newest thing in Venetian tricornes. It is of black satin, with a floating lace veil which is slightly misty and extremely becoming

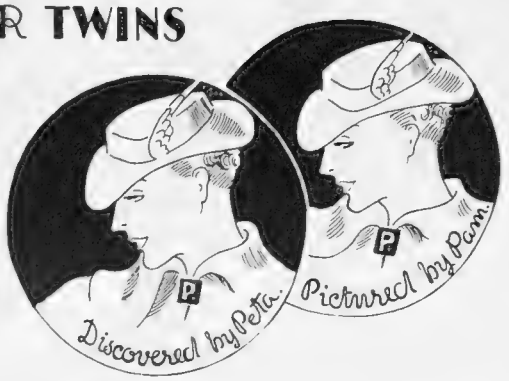
This year the milliners have created a new straw, which they have christened "liquorice." This is a very realistic name for it as it is black and shiny, and is streaked with thin lines. An example of it is seen in the above picture. This is a delightful version of the ever-fashionable cap. The rabbit's ears are amusing and original

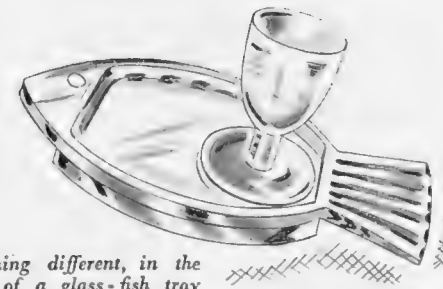
Left: Reminiscent of the East is this mandarin béret of plaited petersham and shiny straw. It might equally well be called the plateau hat. The stiff veil which hangs away from the face is ultra-smart, and confirms the rumour that veils have come to stay

Photographs by Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in search of NOVELTIES



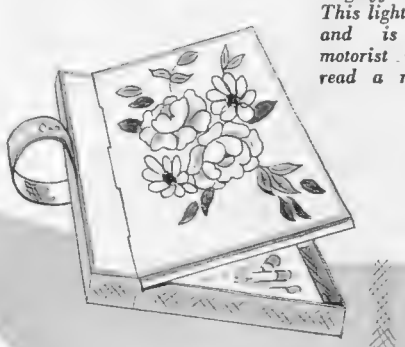


Something different, in the shape of a glass-fish tray from Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly. This is made especially for cocktail parties and will hold a glass and such delicacies as cheese straws and salted almonds

Also from Fortnum and Mason is this ingenious magnifying-glass with torch. This lights up automatically, and is ideal for the motorist who is trying to read a map in the dark

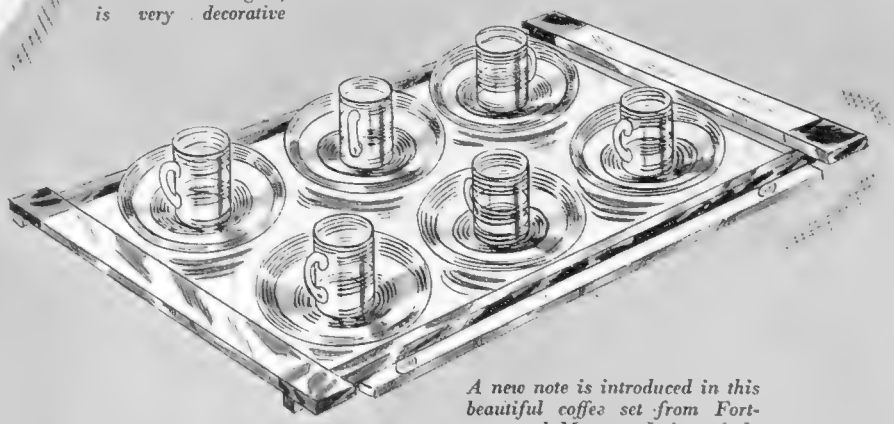
Two new and original interpretations of the screw pencil. There is the magnifying one, which is a great help in looking up telephone numbers, and the Belisha beacon, which spells "Safety First" and is merely sixpence

A spray of flowers will add the finishing touch to an evening frock. This may be worn immediately under the chin by the sophisticated type, or at the waist and vicinity of the knee in the case of a picture frock



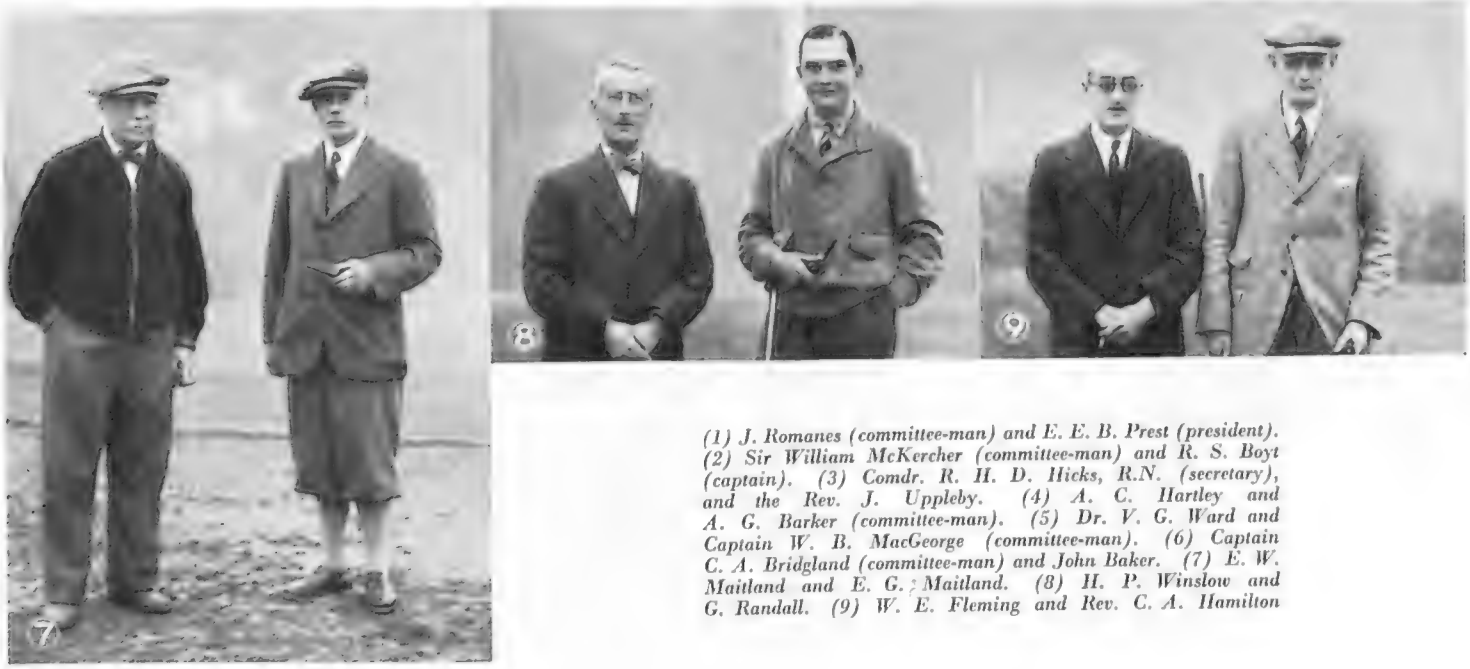
Every home should contain a silent butler from the Gift Dept., Fortnum and Mason. For concealing cigarette ends, ashes, and burnt matches, this box, painted in Chinese red and gold, is very decorative

The vogue for bracelets continues. Those pictured are amusing and may be seen at Fortnum and Mason's They should be worn three at a time, in gay contrasting colours



A new note is introduced in this beautiful coffee set from Fortnum and Mason. It is entirely made of glass, including the tray, while an attractive design in green and platinum stripes decorates the cups and saucers

Golf Clubs at Home: West Byfleet



(1) J. Romanes (committee-man) and E. E. B. Prest (president). (2) Sir William McKercher (committee-man) and R. S. Boyt (captain). (3) Comdr. R. H. D. Hicks, R.N. (secretary), and the Rev. J. Uppleby. (4) A. C. Hartley and A. G. Barker (committee-man). (5) Dr. V. G. Ward and Captain W. B. MacGeorge (committee-man). (6) Captain C. A. Bridgland (committee-man) and John Baker. (7) E. W. Maitland and E. G. Maitland. (8) H. P. Winslow and G. Randall. (9) W. E. Fleming and Rev. C. A. Hamilton

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Championships of 1934; and Christmas Competitions

James Adams, the Scottish professional golfer who has taken up his new duties at Romford, being introduced to the captain, E. G. Mackellar, by R. V. Michell, the secretary, seen centre. Adams used to be with the Royal County Down Club

THE world has probably read or heard that W. Lawson-Little (Presidio, San Francisco, U.S.A.) won our Amateur Championship at Prestwick *with ease*. He actually won by about the diameter of a threepenny-bit, as this is the distance by which Garnett's putt for a three at the nineteenth in the semi-final missed the hole. Garnett, at this hole, was inside Little in two and also in three shots. Little finally holed from about six feet for a four, and Garnett then missed from about three feet for the half, his ball running up the slope of the green. Little, however, deserved to beat Garnett, as the latter was extremely fortunate at the eighteenth hole, where, after slicing his tee shot, he holed a long putt to save his neck.

It was very surprising to see so few spectators watching the play at this hole. Not only all the Scotsmen, but nearly everyone else, had elected to watch the first semi-final, in which Wallace, of Troon, played George Dunlap, U.S.A. No doubt, after pushing and scrambling in the enormous crowd to get a sight of the play, the majority of the spectators preferred a nineteenth hole under cover to one in the open.

At the start of the final, Wallace gave Little an inch and, as so often happens in the game of golf, he took an ell and won by the biggest margin yet recorded.

Wallace, who had putted like an angel throughout the week, lost his touch on the greens and putted badly, not even steadily. Wallace is what the Scots term a dour player, and had the good fortune to strike a streak of wonderful putting in this championship. I do not agree with those who suggested that he should have played in the Walker Cup match.

A CERTAIN player (he shall be nameless) had his entry for this championship refused by the committee of his home club as it did not consider his play sufficiently good. He asked to have this decision reconsidered, as he was very anxious to play. This was done and his entry forwarded. In the championship, this same player was defeated in the third round by an ex-champion and International player, after extra holes had been played, and had previously defeated a player who had represented us in the Walker Cup match at St. Andrews about ten days before.

George Dunlap, the reigning champion of the United States, never appeared satisfied with his golf, and lacked the confidence we had seen the previous year at Hoylake. To his great credit, however, he demonstrated to the full how a good player with the match-play temperament and the never-say-die spirit can, although playing badly, scramble through against opponents playing well.

Little, on his return home, also won the American Amateur Championship. I think you can with truth say that he did win that championship *with ease*.

IT was very pleasing to see Henry Cotton reap the reward of his labours by winning the Open Championship. Cotton is not by any means a natural player, and it is only by hard work and continual practice that he finds himself at the top of the tree.

You have probably heard that he also won *with ease*, but I do not think that anyone who saw him on the thirteenth tee on his last round will agree. He had gone out in forty, taking sixes at the fifth and seventh holes, and started home with three fives. He was palpably very nervous and frightened of winning, and, as happens under these conditions, he could not make himself hit his long approaches or his chip shots up to the hole.

However, when all seemed likely to be lost, he, to his eternal credit, pulled himself together and, after getting down with a chip and a putt for a four at the thirteenth, never put a foot wrong until the eighteenth, when all was over bar the shouting, where he pushed his second shot out and found the bunker at the right entrance to the green. In spite of taking 79, which, I believe, is the highest score ever returned for the last round by the winner, he tied with the lowest aggregate ever recorded—namely, 283. It is difficult to praise too highly his play in the first two rounds, which he holed in 67 and 65 strokes. Cotton has suffered from ill-health, and never before have I seen him look really fit at an Open Championship. It requires a fit man to fight back when all seems lost.

AS usually happens when the weather and family ties permit, much golf was played during the Christmas holidays.

D. H. R. Martin put up a fine performance at Knole Park. He holed the course in 67 strokes—a very good score even under summer conditions—and, in spite of his handicap of plus 1, returned the winning score.

It was very pleasing to read of the success of the Hon. Osmund Scott, who was defeated in the final of the Amateur Championship as long ago as 1905, in the Dormy House Shield at Rye. Scott had to fight hard in all the four rounds he was called upon to play, as not one of his matches finished before the eighteenth.

The Dormy House Shield at Sunningdale attracted a very large entry, and was won by P. B. Lucas, of Sandy Lodge. Lucas led the qualifiers, and continued to play extremely well in the match-play stages. In one round of the competition, playing from the medal tees and with no run on the ball, he had eight threes in the first thirteen holes. This is certainly great golf under winter conditions. Bobby Jones, in his record score of 66 on this course, played in the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship in 1926, had five threes in the first thirteen holes. It must also be remembered that Jones was playing in summer, when the ball was running a long way, and when every hole could be reached with a drive and an iron, and a large percentage with a drive and mashie niblick or shorter club.

The "Bystander" Cup at Nice

Exciting Mixed Foursomes

Capt. Crawford, winner of the "Bystander" Cup with Mrs. Rattigan

J. S. Sykes and Mrs. Robinson, the runners-up for the Cup

THE Annual Mixed Foursomes Tournament for the "Bystander" Cup was begun at the Nice Golf Club on December 29th, and resulted in a tie between Mrs. Rattigan and Captain J. Crawford and Mrs. Robinson and J. Sykes. The former couple won on the replay on December 31st. There were forty entries. Both members of the winning side are left-handed. Mrs. Rattigan is the wife of the popular secretary of the Nice Golf Club.

Women's Golf:

Cups, Spoons and What Not

By Eleanor E. Helme

On the Alnmouth Links

The Duchess of Northumberland and the Earl of Macduff, son of H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, off for a round on the Alnmouth links at Foxton, Northumberland

DEAR BYSTANDER,

PLEASE do not think me a very contrary person. In the first part of this letter I shall extol the industrious folk who have gone in for our monthly spoons and won our Yearly Cup, and in the second give an emphatic No to a querist who has asked whether her club would be well advised to change their club championship from match to medal play, and, if so, why.

The "Bystander" Cup and Spoons

Miss Dorothy R. Wooding, the holder, of Kingsthorpe, who tied with Miss M. Bateman and Miss Nora Williams for the yearly cup held by the winner of the greatest number of "Bystander" Spoons during 1934

Miss Nora Williams, of Mansfield, another spoon competitor who tied with the ultimate cup winner, Miss M. Bateman, who took the cup on the total number of strokes below par

Now I do not think it is in the least contradictory to write like this. Medal play has a very useful and needful part in a golfing education; and for the average club player it is a sound plan to indulge in it at least once a fortnight, shall we say? provided there is also plenty of match-playing. But I look on scoring as education, the mere scales and arpeggios of golf, as compared to the full concerto or symphony of match play. We must master the one before we can be supreme at the other; but, emphatically, to be a good scorer is only an end to a means, and not an end itself.

FIRST of all, heartiest congratulations to the Silver Division on again providing the winner of the Yearly Challenge Cup which rewards the player who wins the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year; then more congratulations to Miss M. Bateman, of Shirley Park, who is the proud winner, and lastly to Miss D. R. Wooding, of Kingsthorpe, the holder, and Miss N. Williams, of Cox Moor, who both tied with Miss Bateman. It seems a particularly gallant effort on the part of Miss Wooding to go so near winning again.

Four spoons these players each won, so the total number of strokes below par for the winning cards decided the tie, and on this Miss Bateman won with no less than seventeen to spare. In March she returned 89 – 18=71, four below, par being 75. May, with a 16 handicap, she was three below; June, with a 13 handicap, seven below; and November, with 10, three below.

That represents a steadiness of achievement which anybody might envy, and many have tried to imitate without success. There have been great efforts made, such as Mrs. J. B. Watson, the Scottish International, who, in spite of carrying a penalty which is now plus 3, managed to win three spoons and to total all square with par on them. By that showing, no player is too short a handicap to keep in the running.

The Challenge Cup is in Miss Bateman's holding for the next twelve months, the replica for keeps, and since competition has been hotter and stronger in 1934 than in 1933, it is only reasonable to suppose that 1935 will eclipse both.

TO turn to the question of match or medal play for a club championship. As I said before, I look on all score play as a grand training, but only a training.

I remember, when I was on the threshold of first-class golf that a very great lady, who had been runner-up in the first two Open Championships, said to me: "Take out plenty of cards if you want to get on: it's the best way to learn your weaknesses." Quite: I was, and am, forever grateful to her. But when one has learnt one's weaknesses, the next thing is to develop strengths, otherwise, the learning is purely negative. Perpetual score play may cure one of mad minutes in bunkers, of careless putting; it will not teach the grand fighting spirit which goes out for the big shot and gets it at the moment when it is needed to upset the morale of the opponent; it will never teach the young golfer to stand up to punishment, show her that the knock-down blows of an opponent as good as herself are not necessarily knock-out, that no match is ever lost until the last putt is holed. Medal play, in fact, unless well mixed with match, is an anæmic thing, and no worthy substitute for a match-playing championship.

A club may, of course, be composed of nothing but indifferent players, with no great ambition. Even amongst them there should surely be some young golfers with aspirations, and for such, provided they steady themselves down and learn their weaknesses by playing in monthly medals and an open meeting or two, a club championship by match play has far greater education, as well as fun, to offer them. Let a club remember that county matches, Home Internationals, Great Britain Internationals, all Close Championships of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and the Open Women's Championship itself, are match play, and they will surely realise, not only the opinion of the golfing world on what constitutes a championship, but also the nature of the biggest events in which they wish to see their players make a good show.

Yours Ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Rugby Clubs at Home: Sale, Cheshire

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

"Wilf" Wooller, Welsh International

Hal Sever, the captain

Ronnie Reynolds

Jim Crossland

Claude Davey, Welsh International

Bill Scott, 55 caps for Cheshire

"Streety" Street

"The Guv," F. Bradshaw

Cecil King, hon. sec.

"Cooky" Cookson

G. D. Shaw

Allan Dean

The Air Way to Lands of Sunshine

By Charles Ward

An Autogiro of the latest vintage which has been sold to Gonzalez Byass and Co., the well-known firm of sherry shippers. Señor Carlos Gonzalez flew as a passenger to Spain on the delivery flight

Flight-Lieut. "Tommy" Rose, sales manager for Phillips and Powis, photographed with the first Miles "Hawk" to be sold to Greece

East and South by Air

FROM the beginning of this year Imperial Airways have been running four services a week on the Empire routes, and Egypt being the junction between Africa and the East, it is now possible to fly to Cairo, or anywhere in Egypt, for that matter, on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday. Far-reaching plans have been made for daily services, but even now a new era of travel has commenced. French services to the South of France are flown entirely by three-engined machines. The "Golden Clipper" travels daily from London to Marseilles, via Paris and Lyons, the journey to Cannes being completed in a Fokker, which gives a six-hour schedule for the whole trip. There is a daily service to the Balearic Islands, also by Air France, and the link with Algiers will soon be extended to the Gold Coast, Nigeria and the Congo. Kenneth Waller's flight with the Christmas mails has given a considerable fillip to the negotiations still pending between the Belgians, the French, and ourselves to make such a service both workable and attractive for tourists. There is some need for a more direct service to Spain and a link with Portugal. Sir Alan and Lady Cobham flew last week, in the latest Airspeed "Envoy," to Spain, where the performance of that machine has attracted the attention of local operators. Carrying eight passengers and luggage, with fuel for 250 miles, it cruises easily at 150 miles an hour. With a retractable under carriage and extremely clean lines, the "Envoy" is an excellent example of some of the best features in British aircraft design.

Air Meetings Grave and Gay

THE Air Transporters and Airporters met in solemn conclave last week, interrupted albeit by a banquet at Grosvenor House, over which Mr. Herbert J. Thomas, chairman of the S.B.A.C., presided. The addresses given at the Conference itself were most interesting, and were prepared in order to show how wide a field is covered by civil aviation. Flying has become a business of world-wide concern, requiring the same qualities of enterprise, determination and skill for its successful operation as are given to the well-established trades, and needing the brains and experience of older professions and industries to guide it during the early years. Major R. H. Thornton, who spoke on the principles involved in the organisation of air transport over here, is an authority on shipping and chairman of the Liverpool Aero Club. Mr. Nigel Norman, chairman of the company owning Heston, the airport that sets the standard for others to follow, talked about planning the airports and aerodromes of the future, a subject on which he is particularly competent to speak.

On descending the Olympian scale to find out what happens at Flying Clubs during the long winter evenings, I was dismayed when I chanced across the Reading Aero Club one Saturday night not long ago. By forced entry, a macabre gang of some seventy toughs from the worst joints in town had assembled for a celebration reminiscent of Chicago at its palmiest. Nerves of steel were needed to get past the inhuman thug at the door, one named Hansard, who, bristling with a very catholic arsenal, demanded with threats an exorbitant tribute. Once clear, however, one was soothed and subtly put at ease by hard-boiled Pearline, a Mrs. Barnes, and that reprobate Sambo, also called Bishop. This intriguing prologue gave a foretaste of the spirit of the whole evening, during which a true Bowery orgy prevailed.

With a Flying Club at Home

THE atmosphere was thick, charged with electricity and punctuated by spasmodic gunnery, as some guy, not too quick on the draw, got bumped off. Dancing continued undeterred by such trivialities. Big Shot Powis, lynx-eyed and with trigger fingers ever twitching, was the centre of a bevy of racketeers and con-men, while his moll, the Blonde Bombshell Powis pursued a meteoric course from one group to another, looking the cream of sophistication. The arrival of Antonio the Miles Schemer, with his attractive wife as the Torch Singer, was the signal for much toasting and pledging, doubtless to future pickings. A bacchanalia of such size and notoriety could not fail to attract the attention of the police and, just prior to midnight, a dramatic raid took place under the leadership of Sergeants James and Warren. The resistance was spirited and casualties severe, but our gallant police confiscated an astonishing quantity of armament. Unfortunately, while their courage is deserving of the highest praise, the same cannot be said of their incorruptibility; they were soon observed fraternising with the enemies of society and consuming loving-cups. After a night of considerable disorder, the party broke up, with remarkably little damage to show for its ferocious character. Perhaps gangsters at play are only human, like the rest of us.

A Young Pilots Fund

THE Air League scheme for training 800 young pilots yearly has been launched: details will be published next week.

More glamorous, gayer than ever

An entirely new show

Felix Ferry's

MONTE CARLO FOLLIES OF 1935

on Thursday, January 17th, at Grosvenor House

with

Gomez & Winona Arnaut Bros. Val & Stuart Emilee Adreon

and 14 of America's most beautiful girls

Extension of license on opening night *Dancing to the Grosvenor House Bands*

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE GROSVENOR 6363

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Excellent Hotel Accommodation

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BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING

MARCH 1—3, 1935.

Full particulars free of charge through:

Official Inquiry Office, Wengen, Switzerland.

What's On

(Continued from page A)

CIRCUSES

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

A GRAND CONTINENTAL CIRCUS: Crystal Palace, 2.30 and 7.30. Last week.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant; any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carl Hyson's Follies of 1935; Louis Simmonds's band, and Java and his Tzigane orchestra: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Douglas Byng is here; Jack Harris and his band play: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, Augustus Franzel's orchestra in the grill.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—Midnight Follies, Spring Edition of 1935, is a short revue, with new turns from New York; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Monte Carlo Follies, 1935 edition: extension night, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension night, Wednesday.

THEATRE RESTAURANT.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band: extension night, Tuesday.

RUGGER

ENGLAND v. WALES: Twickenham, January 19th.

People who know what they want know Cannes

There's no arguing about Cannes—it's a superlative place to have a good time, a good rest, a stimulating change. Break away from the gloom of a true British winter and bask awhile in the sun of Cannes! It's inexpensive, it's delightful, it's smart. Swimming, sun-bathing, yachting, golf, tennis, polo, Carnival and the **Batailles de Fleurs**, the marvellous galas at the Ambassadeurs, Roulette . . . but why enumerate?

In London you can't
At Cannes you can!

By 'plane (Air France) Cannes is only six hours from London

CASINO MUNICIPAL

Managing Director: F. ANDRÉ

CANNES

England's Trial

D. T. Kemp (England) well tackled in the England v. The Rest match, at Twickenham

'Chasing at Gatwick

Mr. S. Watney's By Pass II., and Mr. F. Hartigan's Port Said, who dead-heated for first place, at the last fence in the Leatherhead Steeplechase

Peter Candler

Left: P. Candler, of Sherborne and Pembroke, Cambridge, who has been given his first International "Rugger" cap and will play stand-off half for England next Saturday

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

HAVING given us crooners, chewing-gum, and the phonograph, America must, I suppose, be allowed a little latitude in things surprising. Yet somehow I cannot stomach their latest creation, which is none other than a world's ranking-list in sport.

There is nothing, I suppose, so blind as an insular eye; but when the United States very solemnly gives us one Jerome H. ("Dizzy") Dean as the world's outstanding sport performer during 1934, I am left bemused and bewildered.

Apparently, the very eminent "Dizzy" Dean has now ousted "Babe" Ruth—the King of Swat—as America's national idol. Ruth must be getting rather long in the tooth (and wide in the girth) these days, yet, from the panegyrics my American friends have rushed into when mentioning him, I fondly thought that, so long as he had strength to wield a baseball bat, then no other star "on the diamond" could

Personalities in the "Rugger" World

Dr. T. G. Robinson, in overcoat, a former Guy's captain, and two of the team—A. R. Clarke and T. A. Hale-Monro

K. M. Wilkins (captain of the O.M.T.'s and forward) and F. F. Spragg, an old Oxford Blue and O.M.T. back

M. Vaughan an O.M.T. forward, and Don Hodson, the O.M.T. secretary, photographed at Teddington

A New

Mrs. Lycett seen coaching "Bunny" Austin, wife of Randolph

Cambridge on the Cam

Boat-Race practice has already started at Cambridge, and the picture above shows one of the crews during the first training spin

approach him in prowess or popularity. Alas for the fickleness of human nature! Ruth is out of favour—it is now the day of Dean.

It does occur to me, however, that, blinded by the brilliance of their baseball hero, the Americans have ignored the claims of some pretty good fellows when choosing the World's No. 1 Sportsman. For instance, there is our own Fred Perry: with the national tennis titles of Britain, America, and Australia to his credit, not to mention a brilliant performance in the defence of the Davis Cup, I supposed that he would be high in the ranking. Indeed, I have a very shrewd idea that Perry is thought (outside America, that is) the world's outstanding star.

Yet Perry is well down the list, trailing along ingloriously behind the "Dizzy" one, Max Baer—who has had two exhibition fights since he won his boxing title last June—and Lawson Little, the "Pocket Hercules," who carried off the British and American amateur golf championships.

Lawn Tennis Pro

ing a pupil, while her brother, looks on. Mrs. Lycett is the Lycett, a great doubles player

Winning Juniors

Jill Notley (Middlesex) and Derek Cook (Sussex), Singles winners in the Covered Court Tournament at Dulwich

Still, there it is, a baseball pitcher is put on the pedestal. It may, of course, be just another of those quiet American jokes; but this time, in the eyes of the rest of the world, the joke is on the States.

Mind you, this "straw vote" business is splendid fun. Certainly it would seem to be America's national hobby, if we take a line through the *Literary Digest* and the *New Yorker*. So, here and now, I'll try to give you my idea of the world's half-dozen sport leaders.

FIRST, I plump for Perry—triumphant in three continents. Second, I give my vote to Lawson Little, for this

A Water Jump at Gatwick

Captain Brownhill well out of the saddle, on Mr. M. Wegg-Prosser's Eyrecourt, when taking the water during the Crawley Steeplechase at Gatwick

smashing young American student is a golfer in the Bobby Jones tradition. The best is yet before Little, as I think we shall see when he returns to this country to defend his amateur title.

After Little, I would go outside the sports which attract the crowds, and seek my third ranking star in squash rackets. Here Amr Bey stands snpreme; never, I think, have we seen such a ball player as Amr—in his craft, his finesse, his eye for an opening, and his shrewdness he stands alone—a world-beater if there ever was one.

Fourth place would go to Walter Lindrum, the Cinquevalli of billiards. The Australian can give a big margin of points to any other player in the world and yet win with ease.

Next I take an American boxer—and he is not Max Baer. No; my man is Freddie Miller, the world's feather-weight champion. Miller packed his grips and crossed the Atlantic to take on anyone and everyone round about his weight. He wears his crown at a jaunty angle—it is there for whoever

Rackets at Queen's Club

Left: D. Rowlandson (Marlborough) being congratulated by the runner-up, M. B. Baring (Eton), on the right, after winning the Public Schools Squash Rackets Handicap at Queen's Club. Above, the semi-finalists, C. M. Butler (Lancing) and L. R. Priestley (Oratory)

Ralph C. F. Nichols

The All-England Badminton Champion, who has lately won his sixth consecutive Singles at the North London Tournament at the Alexandra Palace

Double Handed

J. Bromwich, another Australian lawn tennis player who favours the two-handed grip for driving, seen at the Albert Ground, Melbourne

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 131)

can knock it off; yet he calmly goes on winning fight after fight. He has met our best and beaten them; he has faced the best boxers on the Continent—and again he has won with surprising ease. More, he faced Al Brown, the wonder boxer from Panama; and it was the same story of victory for Miller. Yes, in 1934 Miller looked the best of the fistic clan.

Finally, Jack Crawford would get into the list. The Australian played superb tennis under difficulties last season. He was suffering, I think, from the mental "staleness" which seems to have beset Fred Perry just now; yet he managed to battle along into the final of the Australian, Wimbledon, and French championships. His tired nerves were crying out for rest from the rigours of championship tennis, yet, such was his will (and his brilliant craft), that he was able, in part, to master his mental "staleness." Then, with the rich prizes within his grasp, he lost his grip. It must have all been terribly disappointing, yet Crawford showed in the moment of defeat what a superb sportsman he is.

HAVING got that ranking-list off my mind, let me turn to football. As you must know, there has been quite a flutter in the "Soccer" dovecotes over the two-referee experiment which was tried in the Amateur International trial at Chester. Well, although the Football Association preserved a dignified silence on the test, I know for a fact that they did not learn very much at Chester. Truth is, the amateur players were not able to give the idea a severe enough trial; they were far too slow to make the task of the referees difficult—one official could easily have kept up with the play.

Now, on March 27th, two referees—one in each half of the field—will operate in the full England trial game at West Bromwich. The tempo of the professional game is much faster than that of the amateurs, and I expect that the "dual control" system will be given a very searching test.

Even so, not very much is going to be learned. What is needed is for the Football Association to take their courage in both hands and try the scheme in a match in which there is something vital at stake. A critical League game would be the thing—though I hesitate to say whether there would be any volunteers to offer themselves up as sacrifices on the altar of the two-referee system.

As it is, most of the League clubs are against the proposal. What they are saying—and not without reason—is that it would be far better if the Association were to turn their attention to the question of goal-judges, rather than toy with the idea of encumbering the field of play with two referees!

Certainly there would seem to be a call for responsible officials behind the goals in these days of whirlwind football. More than once this season I have seen very doubtful goals scored, with the referee labouring far up-field. A man on the spot would have been able to have decided at once whether those goals should have been allowed or not.

Perhaps the most forceful argument in favour of goal-judges was provided in that historic Cup Final between Arsenal and Newcastle United a couple of years ago. A Newcastle player broke away and took the ball down to the goal-line; the ball crossed the line—a goal-kick for Arsenal should have been given. But the referee did not notice that the ball was "dead," and the Newcastle player centred, for his centre-forward to score a goal which sent the Arsenal sliding to defeat. Had a goal-judge been operating, Newcastle would never have been given that lucky chance to score.

WELL, by this time we all know how the first Test match went in the West Indies. These series of matches are really of vital importance to England cricket, for they are really the "nurseries" of those young players to whom we must look when next we go questing for the "Ashes" in Australia. There is Smith, the Middlesex fast bowler, a giant of a man, who only needs the right inspiration to become a formidable attacker. And again, there is E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey skipper, whom some folk are thus early tipping as England's next Test skipper "Down Under." Now, Holmes has all the qualities of leadership, but I stand by my forecast that if and when we make a captaincy change it will be G. O. Allen who gets the job. However, I would not be surprised to see Holmes go on an Australian tour, for since he has shortened his run to the wicket and not tried to bowl the cover off the ball, he is getting some useful wicket "bags."

Paine and Hollies are also two players to watch. Success on this West Indian tour will put them right in line for future honours in bigger spheres of international cricket.

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December Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss P. Falkner	Worplesdon	80	13	67	76	9 below
Miss V. Black	R. Mid-Surrey	78	6	72	73	1 ,,
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	83	9	74	74	All square
Mrs. A. Root	West Bowling	84	13	71	71	,,
Miss A. Reynolds	Sale	89	16	73	73	,,
Mrs. M. Panikkar	St. Anne's Old Links	91	16	75	74	1 above
Mrs. P. Reed	Ashburnham	92	17	75	74	1 ,,
Mrs. Yates	North Hants	88	12	76	74	2 ,,
Mrs. Trevor	North Hants	90	14	76	74	2 ,,
Mrs. Valpy French	Exmouth	87	12	75	71	4 ,,
Mrs. Thorpe	West Bradford	91	16	75	71	4 ,,
Mrs. Musgrave	West Bradford	91	16	75	71	4 ,,
Mrs. Macleod	North Hants	85	4	81	74	7 ,,
Miss N. Williams	Coxmoor	91	11	80	72	8 ,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Humphrey	Sandwell Park	101	36	65	73	8 below
Mrs. Helliwell	Worsley	92	20	72	74	2 ,,
Miss J. Shaw	Ringway	98	27	71	73	2 ,,
Miss N. Surridge	Walmer & Kingsdown	102	28	74	74	All square
Mrs. Laing	North Hants	106	32	74	74	,,
Mrs. Stokoe	West Bradford	101	27	74	71	8 below

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RESULTS FOR 1934.

Miss M. Bateman (Shirley Park) wins with 4 spoons after a tie with Miss D. R. Wooding (Kingsthorpe), the holder, and Miss N. Williams (Coxmoor).
Their respective scores were: Miss Bateman, 4 below, March; 3 below, May; 7 below, June; 3 below, November=17 below; average 4¼. Miss Wooding, equal February, April, November, December=0. Miss Williams, 1 above, January; equal March; 2 below, May; 8 above, December=7 above; average 1¾ above.

The Editor's Box

"Debrett, 1935"

This invaluable book of reference, edited by Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, with its three thousand pages, is a marvel of up-to-date methods, for it records events as late as November 30th of last year. In addition to the mine of information this volume holds concerning Peers, Baronets, Knights and Companions, many points of interest in the social world are touched upon in this 1935 edition, including His Majesty's coming Silver Jubilee. The price of the volume, which is published by Dean and Son, Ltd., is 84s. net, and, as usual, its accuracy is unquestioned. "If you see it in 'Debrett,' it *is* so."

A Correction

In the article on the Eccentric Club in our issue of January 1st, a statement was made about an adventure of Mr. C. E. Lawford in the war which he asks us to say was contrary to fact. We offer him our apologies, and regret that our contributor was misinformed.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Last weeks.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play from the Embassy, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play is on again, the cast including Louise Hampton, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Aubrey Dexter, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVERS' LEAP.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

MARY READ.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman buccaneer, and Robert Donat as her adoring, rattled husband, in a swinging play in the romantic style: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon, excellent humour and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Cathleen Nesbitt as Kate, Maurice Evans as Petruchio, Vivienne Bennett as Bianca, Andrew Leigh as Sly: Sadler's Wells, 8 (except Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Aileen Marson has taken Celia Johnson's part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI.—Derrick de Marney as young Disraeli and Sophie Stewart as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, in Elswyth Thane's pleasant romance: Piccadilly, 8.30.

With Music

THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.—George Robey and Violet Loraine in their original parts, with Rebla as the other Bing Boy; new jokes and songs and all the old favourites: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

FATHER OF LIES.—A "mystical comedy drama," with Sam Livesey, Muriel Aked, Winifred Shotter: Royalty, 8.30.

THE GHOST TRAIN.—A revival of this excellent thriller Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Duke of York's, 8.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs; Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen, and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist; Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him, and was murdered; Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee as the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Kingsway, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BEHOLD MY WIFE.—Sylvia Sidney as an Apache Indian, Gene Raymond as the young New Yorker she marries: Plaza.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.—Dumas's story grandly filmed, with Robert Donat and Elissa Landi: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DAMES.—A comedy picture, with Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, and Zasu Pitts as the girls: Regal.

DIRTY WORK.—A Ralph Lynn-Gordon Harker comedy, with Lillian Bond as the girl: New Gallery.

FORGOTTEN MEN.—The film of actual war-pictures: Rialto.

THE GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance and sing in this gay and amusing musical comedy: Carlton.

THE IRON DUKE.—George Arliss bends the Duke of Wellington's character to his own inimitable style: Tivoli.

LORNA DOONE.—Basil Deane directed this film of Blackmore's story; John Loder and Victoria Hopper play the hero and heroine: Adelphi.

MASKERADE.—Willy Forst's film of 1905 Vienna, with Paula Wessely, who acts superbly: Academy, from January 17th.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM.—Wallace Beery makes a perfect Barnum, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast: London Pavilion.

THE PAINTED VEIL.—A new and gayer Garbo in the film of Maugham's story, with Herbert Marshall and George Brent: Empire.

PECK'S BAD BOY.—Jackie Cooper as the boy. And BIG-HEARTED HERBERT. Comedy stuff with Guy Kibbee and Aline McMahon: Capitol.

REMOUS.—Jeanne Boitel and Jean Galland as a young couple whose married life is made tragic by a motor accident; well directed and photographed: Curzon.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; a fine holiday film: Leicester Square Theatre.

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THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: January 19th, 2.30.

EUGENE ONEGIN: January 19th, 8.

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Felix Weingartner conducts the L.P.O. in Beethoven's First and Ninth (Choral) Symphonies: Queen's Hall, January 17th, 8.15.

BOYD NEEL STRING ORCHESTRA: Wigmore Hall, January 18th, 8.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. with Moiseiwitch as soloist: Queen's Hall, January 20th, 3.15.

Recitals

HILDA JAMIESON and STEWART DEAS.—Sonata recital: Wigmore Hall, January 15th, 8.15.

ZINO FRANCESCATTI.—The French violinist makes his first appearance in England: Aeolian Hall, January 15th, 8.30.

HOROWITZ.—Only recital this season: Queen's Hall, January 16th, 8.15.

RIA GINSTER.—Lieder recital: Aeolian Hall, January 18th, 8.15.

ARANKA VON MAJOR and JOSEPH WEINGARTEN.—Song and piano recital: Grotrian Hall, January 18th, 8.30.

MEDTNER.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, January 19th, 3.15.

BRUCE FLEGG.—Song recital, with the Griller String Quartet: Wigmore Hall, January 19th, 3.

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(*Continued on page 129*)

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"'The noble house of Gonzaga,' says an old Italian writer, 'forgetful of its ancient valour and wisdom, had given itself up to luxury and intemperance. Three brothers had successively filled the ducal chair of Mantua, and each had distinguished himself, not by restoring any vigour to a decaying line, but by introducing new modes and forms of vice.'

"A severe enough indictment, but well merited.

"In those turbulent times, Italy was composed of a number of petty states, each with its ruling family. Frequently the castles of these feudal dukes and princes became the courts of despots wherein there could be no right of appeal against arrogance and tyranny of the worst order. One such despot was Francesco, eldest of the three brothers referred to. With his accession to the duchies of Mantua and Monferrato began the decline of the house of Gonzaga. Francesco proved a vicious scoundrel whose sole aim was the gratification of his desires by means of the vast wealth at his disposal. His wretched wife, after many years of ill-treatment, finally died in giving birth to their daughter, Maria. Very shortly after Francesco himself was dead, and the way lay clear for his brother Ferdinando to assume the titles. This he did with typical unscrupulousness, styling himself Duke of Mantua and Monferrato, in spite of the fact that the Duchy of Monferrato should now belong, in her own right, to the Infant Maria. This situation, being likely to give rise to the most annoying complications, he took immediate steps to deal with it. . .

* * *

"When she had composed herself a little, Maria went out into the garden to await the carriage which was to take her to Mantua. She had not been there long before a voice called softly '*Highness!*'

"The next moment a man stepped out from behind one of the stone buttresses.

"'I beg of you, Highness, do not be alarmed. I am a friend who wishes only to warn and to help you.'

"Maria stared at him, speechless.

"Then, why do you call me 'Highness'?' she whispered.

"The man smiled, revealing flashing teeth that enhanced his dark good looks. He was young, well made, and carried himself with distinction, though his clothing was plain and unpretentious. 'I shall tell you.'

"He led her to a seat in the shadow of the wall. His touch was gentle but masterful, and she followed him obediently.

"'You must listen carefully, for I have to speak quickly. My time is short. And you must trust me. You must believe implicitly that I am telling you the truth because I wish to help you.'

"She nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Glancing round to make sure he was unobserved, the young man launched into rapid explanation of the deception that had been practised on Maria. When she would have protested that she had no wish to be a duchess, he silenced her, for he had much to tell.

"With the accession of the last Gonzaga in the direct line, she had become a personage of much importance and was coveted in marriage by three princes—the Duke of Rhetel, Prince Ferrand of Guastalla, and, most powerful of all, Duke Vincenzo, *her uncle*, whose coach was now on its way to fetch her. . .

* * *

"She was conducted, on arrival, to the banqueting hall, where the duke and his dissolute court were at meat. On the threshold she paused, bewildered at the scene confronting her. She saw tables piled with gold and silver plate, fragments of food and overturned bottles from which the wine dripped on to the floor in crimson pools. Around them, in every stage of drunkenness and abandon, lolled the gorgeously clad courtesans and parasites of the Court.

"When the duke rose and came towards her, her first sensation was one of profound relief. This was no hideous ogre, but a graceful and handsome man, who greeted her with disarming courtesy.

"Only, as he approached and she saw him more closely, her reassurance faded abruptly. Here was a face so ravaged by vice that it resembled that of an old man, and his eyes, belying the smiling mouth, were cold and evil as a snake's. His near presence affected her with such horror that she had to force herself to stand her ground and not run from him, screaming . . ."

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